THE ARTS

Saturday Review

JANUARY 29, 1972 50¢

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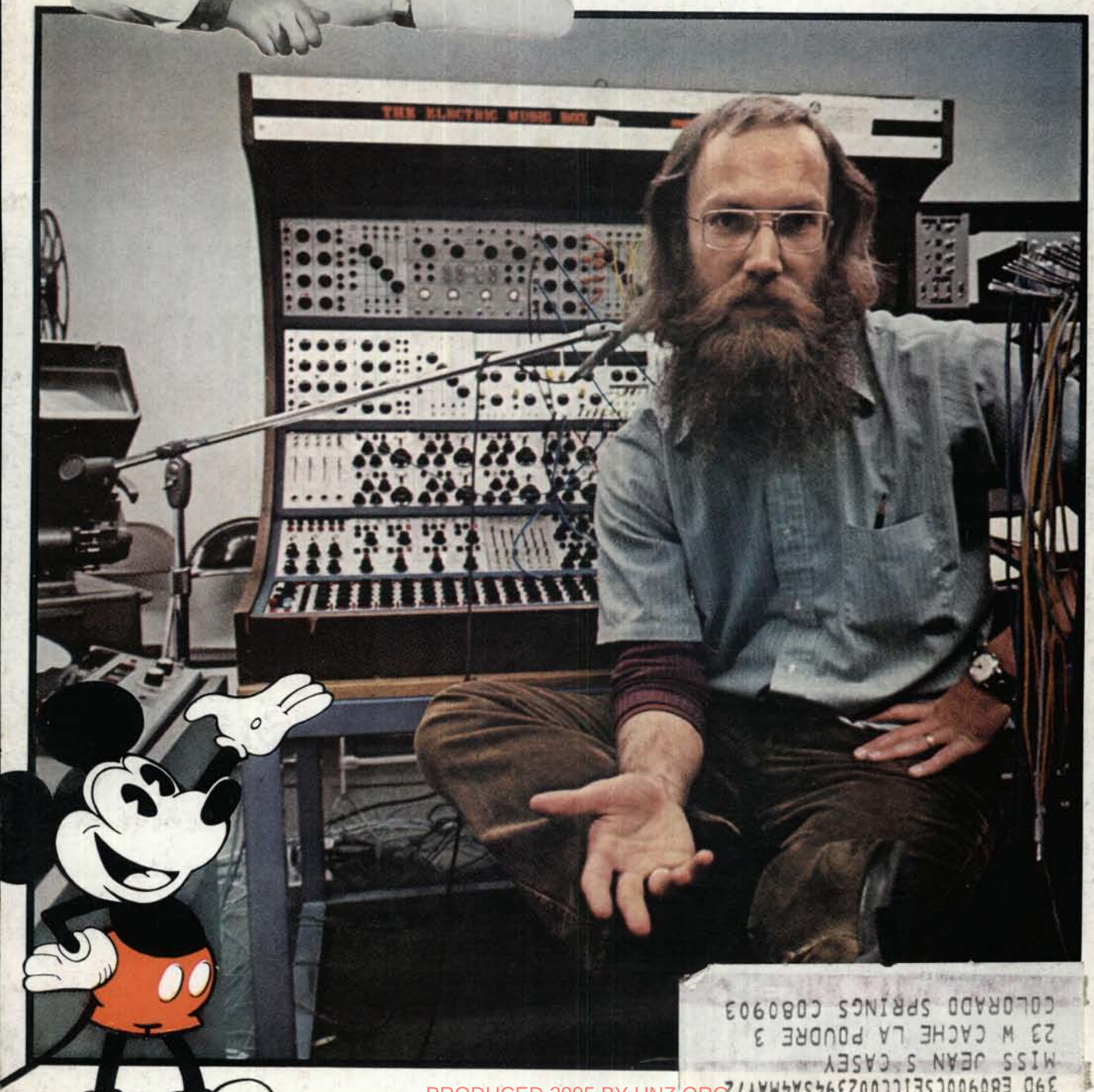

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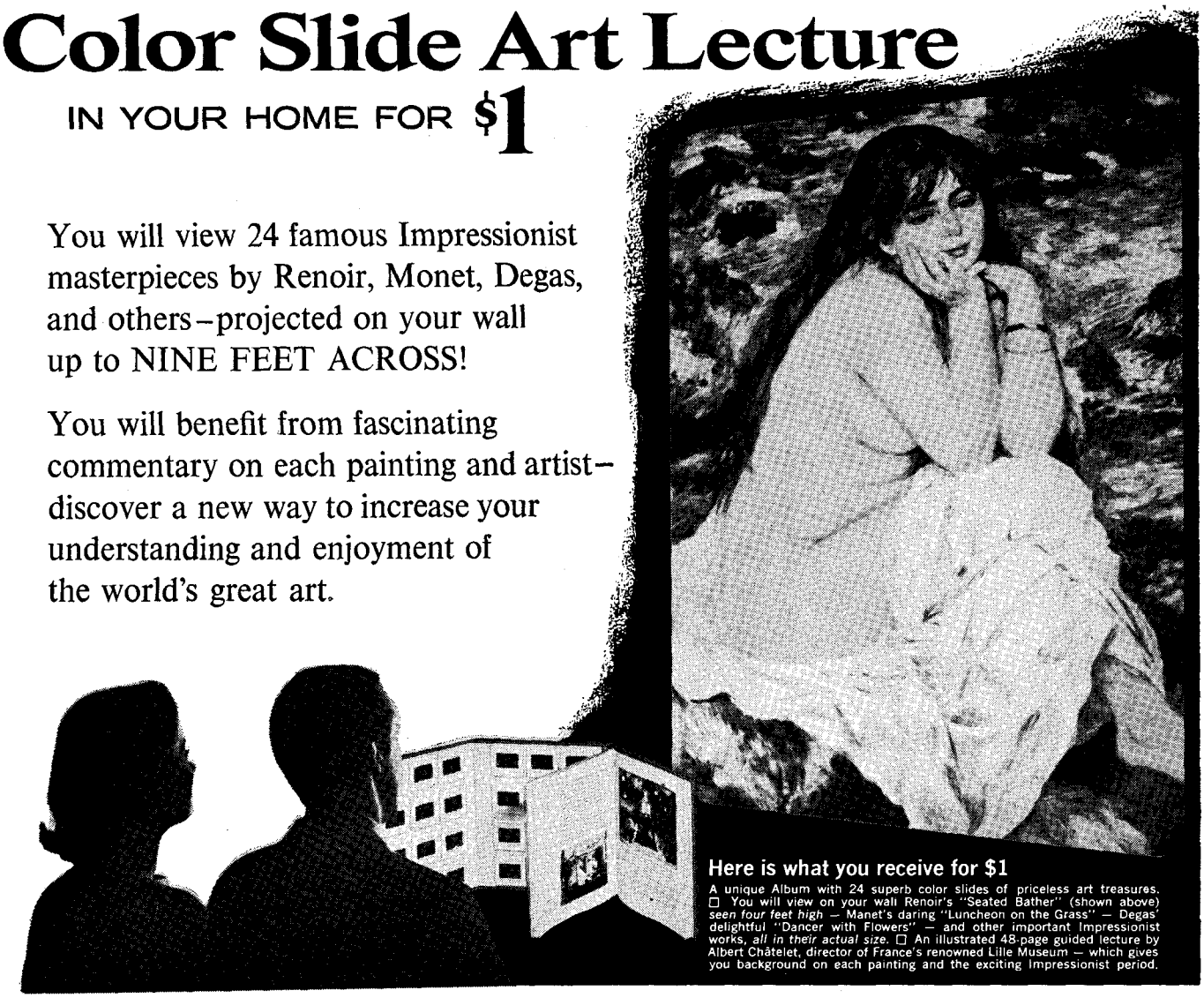

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Saturday Review

THE ARTS

JANUARY 29, 1972

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After a lifetime with television, is it any wonder an 18-year-old is ready to vote?

Today's 18-year-olds started watching television as toddlers. And that's one reason why they're better informed and more prepared to vote than any of us were at the same age.

While they were growing up, television began bringing the whole world into theirs. Television gave them a steady stream of news, documentaries and discussions covering all the issues a voter faces, including ecology, economic policy, race, education, international negotiations and conflict.

And while the new voters wait to exercise their franchise, television will continue their education: by taking them to China, to the national conventions and behind the scenes with candidates. It's all part of a political experience that *involves* us.

In the months ahead, television will also entertain and expand the minds of young and old alike with the kind of programs you see listed below.

The Search for the Nile. Concluding four segments of dramatization of scientific expedition. Tuesdays, Feb. 1, 15, 22, 29 (7:30-8:30 pm).

XI Olympic Winter Games. Start of 37 hours of coverage. Tuesday, Feb. 1 (8:30-9:30 pm).

Love! Love! Love! Hallmark Hall of Fame—Musical essay featuring young couples. Robert Wagner, host. Tuesday, Feb. 8 (7:30-8:30 pm).

They've Killed President Lincoln! Final days of Abraham Lincoln are re-enacted. Thursday, Feb. 10 (8-9 pm).

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert. Liszt: *Faust;* Holst: *The Planets.* Leonard Bernstein, conductor. Sundays, Feb. 13; March 26 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Earthquake! Documentary study of forces causing earthquakes. Monday, Feb. 14 (8-9 pm).

The Lorax. Dr. Seuss story with ecological theme. Monday, Feb. 14 (8:30-9 pm).

Peking. Previewing President Nixon's trip to Red China. Tuesday, Feb. 15 (8:30-9:30 pm).

20th Century Follies. Nostalgic survey of old days of show business, with Alan King, Diahann Carroll, Milton Berle, others. Wednesday, Feb. 16 (8:30-9:30 pm).

The China Trip: President Nixon Leaves for Peking. Report on what visit may bring. Saturday, Feb. 19 (10:30-11 pm).

The Enchanted World of Danny Kaye Presents The Emperor's New Clothes. Hans Christian Andersen classic in new process. Monday, Feb. 21 (8-9 pm).

Man of the Serengeti. National Geographic Society—Studies tribe's link between primitive and modern world. Tuesday, Feb. 22 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau. A Sound of Dolphins; The Unsinkable Sea Otter. Friday, Feb. 25; Monday, March 20 (8-9 pm).

Time and the Cities. Archaeological study of Turkey illuminates why cities rise and fall. Sunday, Feb. 27 (4-5 pm).

Babar Comes to America. Animated adventures of elephant touring U.S.A. Sunday, Feb. 27 (7:30-8 pm).

Showdown at O.K. Corral. Appointment With Destiny—Factual story of famous gunfight. Monday, Feb. 28 (8-9 pm).

The Fabulous Fordies. Salute to golden era of movie musicals with Tennessee Ernie Ford, Maureen O'Hara, Betty Grable, Dick Haymes, Frank Gorshin. Tuesday, Feb. 29 (8:30-9:30 pm).

Who Do You Think You Are? A Bird's Eye View of California; A Visit to Humboldt, Iowa. Harry Reasoner, host. Mondays, March 13 (10:30-11 pm); March 27 (8-8:30 pm).

Harvey. Hallmark Hall of Fame—New production of Mary Chase comedy starring James Stewart, Helen Hayes, Arlene Francis, Martin Gabel, Fred Gwynne, others. Wednesday, March 22 (8:30-10 pm).

Child Abuse. Investigating cases of cruelty to children. Frank Reynolds reports. Monday, March 27 (8:30-9 pm).

Pain! Where Does It Hurt Most? New findings on pain, its significance and control. Tuesday, March 28 (8:30-9:30 pm). Tentative.

The Crucifixion. Appointment With Destiny—Re-creation of the last days of Christ. Friday, March 31 (8-9 pm).

Will Rogers' U.S.A. James Whitmore in one-man show as Will Rogers, featuring the political observer/humorist's writings. Date and time to be announced.

The Chinese. Cultural/historical essay on Sino-American experience. Date and time to be announced.

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Watch Your Child-The Me Too Show/Sesame Street/Misterogers' Neighborhood/ The Electric Company

Thursday: CBS Reports (appearing every fourth week).

Friday: Chronolog (appearing fourth Friday each month).

Saturday: Pop-Up/In the News/Dr. Dolittle/Barrier Reef/Lidsville/Take a Giant Step/Curiosity Shop/Mr. Wizard/You Are There/CBS Children's Film Festival

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/The Reluctant Dragon and Mr. Toad/Camera Three/Bullwinkle/Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/Kid Talk/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your stations listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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Letters to the Editor

The Agony of Fragging

Eugene Linden in "Fragging and Other Withdrawal Symptoms" [*SR*, Jan 8] provided a graphic portrayal of the agony of the U.S. Army as it emerges from the ordeal of Vietnam, but I must take exception to the statement, attributed to a young captain, that the root cause of that agony lies in the Army's having "prostituted its honor as an instrument of freedom" through "allowing itself to be used for political purposes."

The U.S. Army is an instrument of the Constitution, rather than of the abstract concept of freedom, and its honor is measured by its fidelity to its oath to uphold that Constitution. Its agony results from its steadfast determination to obey the legal directives of the executors of the Constitution as an apolitical instrument in the face of diverse opinions among its own members, the clamor of factions, and no united national support. Though individual members may have been found wanting, though sacrifices may appear to have been hollow, and though achievement of changing goals may have been illusory, the fidelity of the U.S. Army to its oath has remained constant.

The price has been high, and fragging is only one indicator of the resultant internal depletion, but one need only remember the French Army after Algeria to be assured that the honor of the U.S. Army is intact. That honor does not reside in the eyes of a novice Army lawyer but in the U.S. Army's fidelity to its oath and its apolitical tradition in the face of tremendous adversity. Recognition of the sacrifices involved would assist in the internal replenishment of the instrument.

Maj. Michael D. Mahler,
APO, New York, N.Y.

As a World War I officer and a state licensed psychologist, [I feel] there is a quick and immediate solution to the problem of fragging: an immediate firing squad without bothering with a court-martial in one clear-cut case. It would take only one, and the problem would be over.

Leslie M. LeCron,
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

On Prison Reform

Re: Arthur I. Waskow's guest editorial ". . . I Am Not Free" [*SR*, Jan. 8]. Mr. Waskow's brainstorming for ways to abolish prisons will surely succeed in blowing away the cobwebs in many heads. Especially thought-provoking is his idea of a fenced-off city for those who might, if not limited, frighten their fellow Americans. Who knows what impressive inventions might develop in such a place where persons can get a fresh, free start in a new environment. Volunteers might even help these "free prisoners" build whole new towns in this way.

Sister Mary John Marzluf,
Milwaukee, Wis.

In Arthur Waskow's recent editorial the word "criminal" is always enclosed in quotation marks. Why? And I do not find any place in the editorial where his heart bleeds for the victims of any crimes . . . . [P]risons should not be ended by any means, nor should they be too drastically reformed. Perhaps *penalties* for certain crimes without victims could be revised.

Eugene V. Debs is not my favorite source for quotations; so I have chosen a quote from an even less well-known personality with which I will counter Mr. Debs. The sheriff of a certain county in Florida says, "If they don't like my jail, let 'em stay out of it."

It's as simple as that.

A. C. Wilson,
Tampa, Fla.

Rebirth or Anesthetization?

Re: "The Guthrie Theater Reborn" by Henry Hewes [*SR*, Dec. 25]. Critic Hewes sees a "reborn" Guthrie Theater, but that rebirth is strictly a financial one. By presenting slick productions of the safest, most unobjectionable classics, artistic director Michael Langham is packing in the crowds out for their annual evening of culture. He seems to have answered the question of what a mass audience wants from repertory theater.

Let it be known that some of us who live in the Twin Cities and who believe that theater should be something more than a means to kill an evening when the TV set is on the blink preferred the "verge of collapse" era of productions. One year ago, the Guthrie schedule included the little known but brilliantly entertaining classic *The Venetian Twins*, an innovative if unsatisfactory *Tempest*, and no fewer than three plays for today's theater: Off-Broadway's black drama *Ceremonies in Dark Old Men*, Brecht's *A Man Is a Man*, and the world premiere of *A Play by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn*. Unfortunately, by box-office standards, these plays forced the audience to face the reality that they lived in a troubled twentieth century. And the word got out: Some radical ideas, yes, even some dirty words, had invaded our cultural showpiece. The Guthrie was no longer a safe place to go, and most people didn't.

The "reborn" Guthrie then is a purified one, offering security in distant times and places.

Kent F. Allin,
Saint Paul, Minn.

It's De-Schumann

I read with interest Leo Smit's "The Classic Cole Porter" [*SR*, Dec. 25]. I am sure there are many more examples of the classical roots of Porter's music than were cited in the article. May I risk a perhaps too obvious example of my own discovery? When recently accompanying a singer in "Ich grolle nicht" from Schumann's *Dichterliebe*, I could hardly restrain myself from seguing instantly into "So in Love," so close was the melodic and harmonic correspondence.

Mrs. Ruth Lamm,
New York, N.Y.

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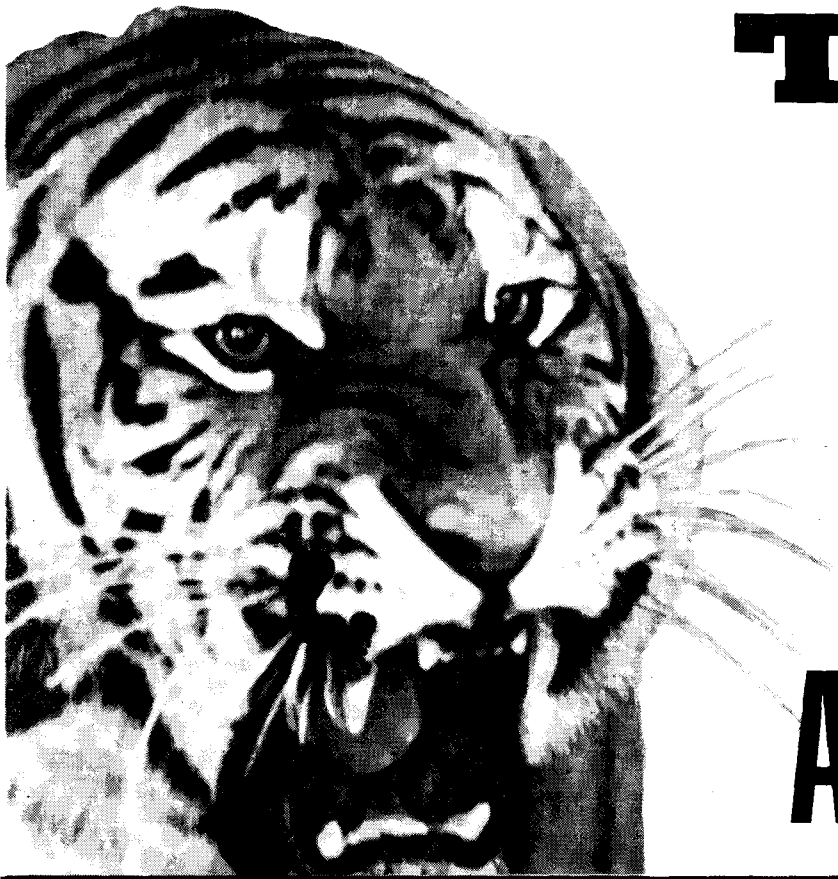

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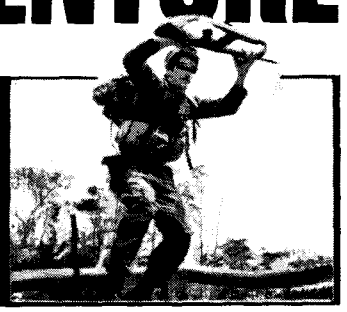
"Sit Down Skiing"

"The Most Perilous Voyage Of My Life", Sir Francis Chichester



"Cuban Guerrillas In The Glades"

The scope of adventure is hard to pinpoint. It includes those big, bold traditional feats—crossing an icecap, fighting a forest fire, tracking a tiger, sailing the world alone. It also includes less obvious activities such as standing for a schoolboard election or attempting to crack the code of a human chromosome. Explorers, mountain climbers and race-car drivers are almost always adventurous men, so are fishermen, clowns and truck drivers. What distinguishes them: a *distaste for the boredom of endless routine.*

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Young Matrons Dancing

Corinna foots it in bare feet;
her toes are dusty but discreet
in moving backwards from the
shoes
of Arthur Johnson Betelgeuse.

Anthea, married twice with three
small children, softly smiles to see
her jealous present husband frown
while talking stocks with Herbert
Brown.

These pelves childbirth spread still
twitch
in time to that too narrow itch
that led their innocence down ways
composed of endless working days;

Corinna and Anthea still
can bend to Lester Lanin's will.

John Updike

A Needle Is a Needle

Children's books about being sick and going to the doctor and "getting an injection to feel better" bear little relation to the real thing. Some kind of compromise is needed between the this-won't-hurt story and the magazine photo-feature that takes you step by step and ankle-deep through a heart transplant.

I've got a couple of sick kids at home, and we've been reading about a boy named Billy visiting a doctor's office and having the time of his life, joking with the doctor and pawing over the sterile instruments. My kids immediately pointed out a major flaw in the tale—not once in the story did anybody throw up, or mention the possibility.

Another thing that bothers them is that, although the text refers to Billy's germs, there is no picture of one. In the following account I have attempted to remedy this by introducing a germ you can see. He is green, wears a derby and a sneer, is about a foot tall, and bears an amazing resemblance to an advertising comic-strip character of my youth named Peter Pain. The story goes like this (you'll have to imagine the pictures; I'm not going to do all the work).

* * *

This is a germ, and he's got hold of Billy. Billy is sick again. Now and then germs get hold of children. Grownups, too.

"The doctor will help us get rid of the germ," says Billy's mommy. "We'll go to the doctor, and he will give you something. Then you won't be sick anymore."

"Will that something be a shot?" Billy asks quickly.

"Probably," mumbles Mommy.

Billy remembers the last shot the doctor gave him. It hurt, maybe even worse than the time the hornet stung him in the pup tent. He thinks Mommy might not be so cheerful if she had to have a shot, too.

Billy and his mommy get in the car to go to the doctor's office. The germ climbs into the car, too. He sits in the back seat and laughs and clowns around all during the trip. "The shot won't hurt me," he brags, puffing on a cigar and spilling ashes all over.

They go into the doctor's waiting room. Other grownups and children are there too, waiting for the doctor. One man has a big bandage on his foot. Billy doesn't know what is wrong with the other people, but they look tired and worried.

Billy and his mommy sit down on a bench. The germ shouts and waves at other germs he sees. They slap each other on the back. Billy's germ puts his arm around another germ's shoulder and tells him a naughty story. Soon all the germs are drinking beer and playing poker and handing around cigars and making loud noises.

Billy and his mommy sit and sit and wait and wait.

Finally, a nurse sticks her head around the door and calls them. Her white uniform smells like medicine. The doctor's office smells like medicine. *Yuck!* thinks Billy.

The germ goes into the doctor's office with Billy. The germ is feeling good because he has quit $38.50 ahead in five-card stud. But he doesn't really care for the smell of medicine. It makes him nervous.

The doctor tells Billy he will find the germ and get rid of it. The germ sticks out his tongue at the doctor. He is very rude.

Billy sticks out his tongue at the doctor, but he is not being rude. The doctor wants to look at Billy's tongue. He shines a light down Billy's throat as he pushes Billy's tongue down with a flat stick. Billy thinks to himself this is it. But the doctor takes away the stick just in time, and Billy does not throw up.

"Your throat is very red," the doctor tells Billy. "I think I know what kind of germ has been bothering you." The germ stops making faces. He is worried now. His cigar goes out.

The doctor listens to Billy's chest with a stethoscope, a thing that has one cold end and two other ends that stick in the doctor's ears. The doctor listens and listens on Billy's chest, on his tummy, on his back. The germ tries to be very quiet so the doctor can't hear him. But his knees knock together, and his teeth would rattle if it weren't for his cigar.

"You have the kind of germ that is called a Virus," the doctor tells Billy.

"Curses!" cries the germ, stamping his foot and throwing down his cigar.

The doctor tells Billy that he has some special medicine that Virus Germ doesn't like. "I'll use this hypodermic syringe to put the medicine inside you."

Billy thinks that the doctor's "hypodermic syringe" looks exactly like the needle he got last time. He is right. Billy wishes the doctor would call a needle a needle.

The doctor fills a little glass tube with the medicine. When the doctor pushes the thumb-pusher, the medicine will go out the other end. "It's almost like a water pistol," laughs the doctor. Billy thinks it is a bad time for the doctor to be making a joke. Besides, the

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needle doesn't look anything like a water pistol. If there's one thing Billy knows about, it's water pistols.

Billy doesn't laugh with the doctor, but he tries to smile a little. The germ doesn't smile. He is beginning to look ill. He sweats and tugs at his collar.

The doctor sticks Billy with the needle. "Ouch!" says Billy. "Oh no, man!" yells the germ.

The shot hurts Billy, but it shakes up the germ even more. The medicine from the needle is bad news for anybody named Virus Germ.

The germ loses his cool and runs right out of the doctor's office. In the waiting room, the other germs try to stop him. "Get back in the game!" they shout. "Give us a chance!" But the germ doesn't stop. He runs right out the front door and heads south across the parking lot. He runs as fast as he can run.

Billy and his mommy drive home. Billy's arm is hot where he got the shot, and it hurts. But for some reason he feels happier. No more needles today, and maybe he will be better tomorrow.

When last seen, the germ was still running.

Dereck Williamson

Parenthesis (with Apologies to Donald Barthelme)

I

Listen to (the man, Ash, in the pink red-ingote is hunched over, his nose, Jack Daniels-red, puffed up, is caught between the bumpers of two lovely cars. On his left, a 1953 battleship-gray Chevrolet, soft-cushioned seats in the musty straw-scented interior. On his right, a 1971 Gremlin, *bleu toxique*, with rear-mounted engine and three obscene scratches on the left door. Both cars are illegally parked on West 43rd Street, a No Standing Zone) the sound of the perambulator creaking.

II

If it is (a beautiful blonde urchin of only three is bouncing a giant ball, multicolored—cyanine blue, Mars violet, baboon's-ass pink. As she passes Ash, she gives him a swift kick in the pants, and Ash's nose goes in another inch causing the cars to lurch.

"*Parbleu!*" he says. "Is this what the Crucifixion is like?"

Ash spreads out his arms wide. A large crowd, out for lunch, gathers round him) possible, let the man run the show.

III

I won't (McCormack, one of New York's finest, sings out, "I shall overcome," as he fires his gun into the dense fog) love spinach, now or tomorrow, no matter what Freud says.

Charles Rotmil

VOLUME TWO

(Over 1,000,000 copies of Volume One sold)

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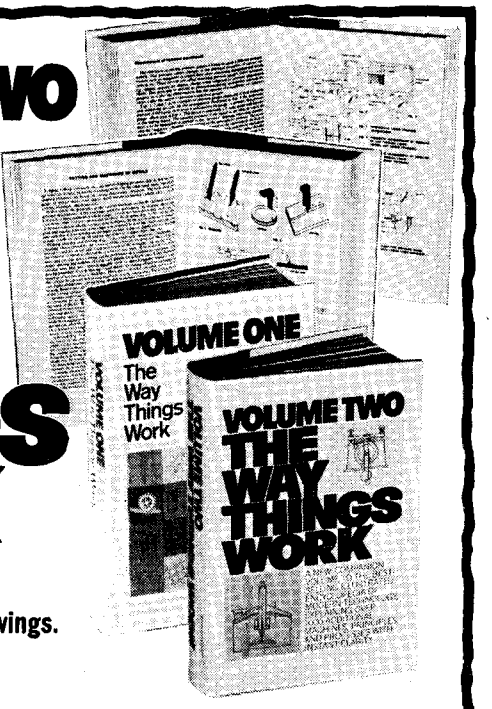

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Art of Knuckling Down

Today's young boys seem to have nothing better to do than to sit around and grow to seven feet tall. They get that from watching basketball and football games—the Manly Sports, requiring manly physiques for the manly heroics to which the boys aspire.

But how about the unmanly kid? The scrawny, runty, bespectacled boy, whose mother wouldn't let him skip an afternoon nap until his tenth birthday? So much for autobiography.

How about him? Me? At age ten I was handed a uniform and made captain of the fifth-grade baseball team. I never got into a game. Our coach used the two-platoon system: nine boys who played baseball, and me. The captain—euphemism for water boy.

My game was marbles. Shooting marbles is a sport, you'll admit, that doesn't make the front pages, even when the national marbles tournament games are played, and some freckle-faced boy is proclaimed the marbles champion. To qualify, a marbles shooting champ has to have freckles. But since pollution has screened out the sun's rays, freckles, along with marbles shooting, have gone out of style.

To those of you who don't remember "knee pants," shooting marbles was played by four or five boys kneeling around a circle crudely drawn on the ground. In the center there were a lot of marbles—"immies," as they were known. The skill of a marbles shooter was determined by the number of marbles he could shoot out of the circle; those he could were his to keep.

Do you remember the "aggie"? The aggie was larger than the immie and more colorful. The aggie, held between the forefinger and thumb of the boy who was shooting, was carefully aimed at a marble and propelled. If the shooter missed knocking a marble out of the circle, he gave up his turn, and the next boy shot. It was much more exciting than I'm making it sound.

"You first spot her with this expedition climbing your mountain. You fall in love with and want to marry her, but you can't because you're abominable."

The aggie in a boy's collection was his prized possession. Like a putter in the bag of Arnold Palmer. There were opaque cat's-eye aggies and translucent aggies of solid, genuine glass, known as "clearies." Some aggies became unlucky on certain days, so a boy whose marbles sack held an extra aggie would switch to the other. A kid who had four aggies was considered to have the best chance to win.

I had only two aggies, but so deft was I at shooting marbles out of the circle that hardly a day went by when I didn't add five or six marbles to my collection. However, I was not satisfied with the status quo. I was confident if I had one more aggie, I would become the Marbles King of the town.

New aggies could be acquired through trades. An unfortunate boy who was running short of marbles would trade you one of his aggies for twenty of your marbles. One such boy, a very bad shot, made this trade, and I now had three aggies.

Like Arnold Palmer's new putter, my new aggie began mowing them down. I didn't have Arnie's Army around to cheer me on, just four disgruntled boys who examined my every knuckle stance to make sure my hand was legally flat on the ground, and as I examined the turf for direction, they called out, "Shoot, Lucky." They overlooked my wondrous skill, my sharp eye.

But their catcalls, even while I was shooting, didn't stay my aggie from the swift completion of its appointed rounds. Marbles flew into my sack. When it was full, I got a cigar box in which to hoard my winnings. I had become known as the fastest knuckle in the Midwest.

Then one day that will live in infamy, as I hurried to the marbles arena with my sack of marbles, several marbles fell on the floor. I decided to pick them up later. But my father came into the room that day, stepped on the marbles, and fell flat on his back. Except for a large bump on the back of his head, he was not hurt.

When I came home after another day's triumph, my father announced there would be no more marbles shooting for one month. A dethroned king, I appealed to my mother. She was little comfort. "Eat your lunch," she said.

I sweated out the month and then hastened back to the marbles game. But it soon became apparent I had lost my touch, my timing, my eye. My marbles sack dwindled. Frantic, I began trading marbles for more aggies. No luck. In one week I was wiped out. How they gloated!

That childhood trauma left its visible mark. Just the other day I heard a man say, pointing to me, "There goes a guy who has lost his marbles." □

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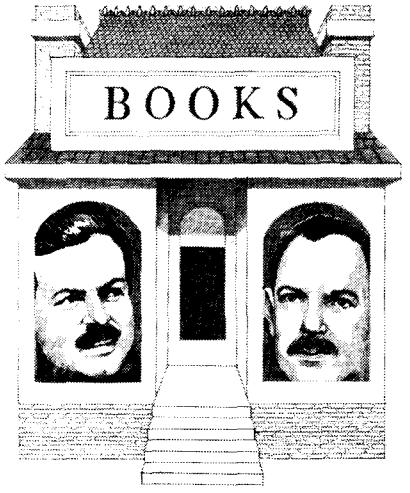
BETWEEN VOLUMES OF BALZAC AND THACKERAY A GREAT LITERARY TRADITION WAS BORN



It was only a chance meeting in a rare-book store, but it was one of magazine publishing's finest days. For it was the first face-to-face encounter between Ernest Hemingway and Arnold Gingrich, founding editor of Esquire Magazine.

At that meeting, Hemingway agreed to be Esquire's first contributor. He even suggested other fine writers who would give the new magazine life. But, more important, he set a standard of literary excellence Esquire has been following throughout its 38 years. And perhaps the finest tribute to these men of letters is the fact that Esquire is the publisher of more Nobel and Pulitzer Prize winners than any other magazine.

But Esquire is certainly not resting on its laurels, as this partial list of contents from a recent issue will prove:

- **Unpublished F. Scott Fitzgerald**
- **Never-before-translated Vladimir Nabokov**
- **A portion of John Updike's "Rabbit Redux"**
- **The childhood reminiscences of Graham Greene**
- **One of six autobiographical articles by Malcolm Muggeridge**
- **The second of three excerpts from Gay Talese's "Honor Thy Father"**
- **An excerpt from William Styron's first novel since "Nat Turner"**
- **Rex Reed on Tennessee Williams at 60**

These are just a few of the many features packed into one exciting issue of Esquire. And each and every future issue will be just such a great reading event. There will be more fiction from literary luminaries like Joyce Carol Oates, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Bruce Jay Friedman, Bernard Malamud, Gore Vidal and John Barth. And, just as Esquire previewed all of the major works of Philip Roth, it will continue to supply its readers with pre-publication excerpts from future best-sellers.

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- **The greatest hotels in the world**
- **How to live like a millionaire in Portugal**
- **The Israel you wouldn't believe**
- **Exploring the South Pacific with Walter Hickel**
- **Tours for people who hate tours**

Just a few of the travel articles that ignited adventuresome spirits and gave insights far beyond the ordinary realm.

But Esquire is much more than fiction and travel. There's scathing commentary by people like J. Anthony Lukas; Garry Wills; Dalton Trumbo; Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.; Nora Ephron; Susan Sontag and Sally Kempton, plus rollicking satire by some of the most devilish minds around.

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Record breaker. More people sent us the following item, from *Parade*, than any other since we began this column. Thanks to all of you.

How do fashion fads originate? No one knows for sure. . . .

Take bib overalls and work jackets which constitute the "now" look on college campuses and ski slopes across America. . . .

"I can tell you," says Jim Londerholm, director of public relations for H. D. Lee Company of Shawnee Mission, Kans., "it was a welcome shock in the arm to the work garment business.

"We began manufacturing bib overalls in a wide variety of prints and colors especially for girls with bell bottoms."

The others, we suppose, can just wear any old thing.

Washington Wash—from Mrs. Arnold Mintz, who found it in the New York *Sunday News*:

Q: Will the GOP muzzle Martha Mitchell for the forthcoming Presidential campaign?—S.R., Chicago.

A: The Republicans do not regard Martha as a liability; far from it. In Southern and blue collar America, she runs ahead of Richard Nixon in popularity and even beat Spiro Agnew in some private pools.

Those swimsuit competitions can be tough.

Letter of the Week—from William Ashworth of Ashland, Oregon.

Dear Mr. Amory,

I hate to have to be the one to point this out to you, but if Wanda Landowska were still alive, and if she had married Howard Hughes, divorced him, and married Henry Kissinger, she would be Wanda Hughes Kissinger now.

No comment—at least until we've read Mr. Hughes's "autobiography."

John Malcolm Brinnin, poet (*Skin Diving in the Virgins*), memoirist (*Dylan Thomas in America*), and biographer (*Gertrude Stein and Her World*), has now come up with a poetical, memorial biography. It concerns the great ocean liners of the North Atlantic, and it is called *The Sway of the Grand Saloon* (Delacorte, $15).

Upon meeting the wry, round-faced, multifaceted Mr. Brinnin, we immediately faceted him with the use of the word "saloon." On the ships we had sailed, we said sternly, it was "*salon.*" "They did *become* salons," Mr. Brinnin reassured us. "But not until the word 'saloon' became pejorative. Some reviewers refused to recognize my title and insisted on using 'salon.' But I wanted that naughty kicker."

Born in Halifax, the son of a Nova Scotia mother and an artist father, Mr. Brinnin left Nova Scotia at four and, years later, entered Wayne College in Detroit, where he was so unhappy that he left without telling his parents. Later he enrolled at the University of Michigan. "On the day I registered," he told us, "there was a tall fellow beside me. We introduced ourselves. He was Arthur Miller, and we became close friends. We were both poor as mice. So each spring we went out for one of the Avery Hopwood Awards. They were $350, I remember. The night before the first ones were announced, we went down to the post office, hoping they would give us the mail. But they wouldn't. Then the next morning neither of us dared call the other for fear he might not have won. We actually kept quiet until the ceremonies. Then we learned we had both won."

After his father's death, Mr. Brinnin opened a bookstore in Ann Arbor, and, since Michigan had no modern poetry courses, he started one—in the bookstore. Mr. Brinnin's first book of poems, *The Garden Is Political*, was well reviewed but unfortunately for him came to the attention of John Ritchie, one of the famed "Chicago Six" group of millionaires in the Thirties, a distant cousin of his mother, and the man whom Mr. Brinnin describes, briefly, as "my Daddy Warbucks."

"He wrote me a nine-page letter, wrapped around a book called *100 Famous Poems*, and said he was going to try to straighten me out. He said that he had read my book, that he didn't understand a word of it, and, what was more, that he had read it to his friends Al Smith and Walter Chrysler, and they didn't understand a word of it, either."

Mr. Brinnin grinned. "I've never forgotten my uncle's final paragraph. 'Remember,' he wrote, 'Gertrude Stein tried your sort of thing, and it didn't work with her, either.'"

It was the last Mr. Brinnin ever heard from his uncle. Coming to New York, he went to work for Putnam's bookstore. Then the very next fall—it was 1947—he had an opportunity to teach at Vassar. Although Mr. Brinnin taught for ten years at the University of Connecticut, and is now teaching at Boston University, he has never forgotten his Vassar experience. "It was love at first sight," he told us. "I'll never forget my first class. Shana Alexander was in it—so was Sue Kaufman. I *loved* it. I loved teaching. And, if I do say so, I was good at it. But when students started petitioning to get into my classes, and when President McCracken told me to take over his class—he said he wasn't in touch anymore—I didn't know it then, but I was doomed. I was killed by too much success. I'll never make that mistake again. Wherever you are, if you have any success as a teacher, play it cool."

In 1950 Mr. Brinnin was working on his biography of Gertrude Stein when he first met Dylan Thomas. "I met him when he first set foot at Idlewild," he told us, "and I was with him when he died. I couldn't even bear to go to the play written about him until it had been running eight months. It was great—but it wasn't my Dylan."

Who, we asked, was his Dylan? He paused. "My Dylan," he said quietly, "was a human being of such fantastic vitality and funniness that nobody would believe it. He wasn't a gag man, but you'd meet him and in a minute everything would be hilarious.

"For twenty years I lived a concentrated literary life. I went everywhere and knew everyone. But after Dylan's death, that was changed. I finished my Stein book, but it was all over—really. I'm not a recluse, but I'm reclusive. I live in Duxbury in a house by the water. And that's it. I don't do any talk shows or lectures. I'm not that kind of person. I teach at Boston University, but I'm not even an academic person. I sit on Ph.D. boards, and I give Ph.Ds, but I only have what was, really, a very tenuous A.B.

"Nowadays our experience is so homogeneous and so quick and we all move so fast that no one can either delineate himself or be delineated. I could write a poem in a day. In fact, every now and then, I've even done a poem in a day—say once in ten years. But I've been a poet long enough to know you have to be urged from inside. You don't write a poem until there's a poem to write. And almost any poem is fifty to a hundred revisions—and that's after it's well along."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1972)

H(ERMAN) G. WEINBERG:
THE LUBITSCH TOUCH

It was the repartee of the *mittel-Europa* cafes and clubs, as in the exclusive Budapest club that flourished in the Twenties, with its discreet notice . . . : "Members may not bring their mistresses as guests unless they are the wives of other members."

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Scotty Reston of the *Times*:

THE ONE, THE ONLY- AND THE LAST?

BY HORACE SUTTON

Outpaced by television and splintered by an increasingly complicated world, Washington journalism may never again produce the likes of this newspaperman extraordinaire.

It is a long, long way from Urbana, Illinois, where they first met in 1931, to the Fukien Room of the Great Hall of the People in Peking. But there was Sally Fulton Reston in China last summer, camera in hand, snapping pictures of her husband, Scotty. And who should be alongside him but Premier Chou En-lai.

For James Barrett Reston the trip to China, in the vanguard of most American reporters and a full seven months ahead of President Nixon, was the capstone of a career that has made him, in the forty years since his first newspaper job in Springfield, Ohio, the man many consider the nation's top journalist. Now sixty-two, he is at the apogee of a great career, an American journalistic statesman sought by prime ministers and world leaders who, through Reston, would speak to the Congress, or even to the President, and reach the minds of U.S. opinion-makers. Not only can they count on Reston for a fair, thoughtful, analytical approach, but they know that he commands sufficient space in *The New York Times* to tell a fully detailed story. When he came down with acute appendicitis in China and needed an immediate operation, a shrewd Chou En-lai dispatched no fewer than eleven doctors to perform the surgery and to soothe the patient's postoperative discomfort with acupuncture. The story of Reston's operation—brilliantly written, of course, and spiced throughout with exquisite reportorial detail—was run by the *Times* on its front page.

The operation story and, more importantly, Reston's historic five-hour interview with Chou En-lai, together with Reston's letters and columns from China, were far and away the best dispatches to come out of Peking since the gates were first breached during the Ping-pong assault. They were carried in full by the *Times*, but they were also made available to the 300 newspapers here and abroad that subscribe to the *Times*'s news service.

Reston's success derives from his zeal, drive, dedication; from his eloquent command of the language; from his artful ability to cultivate the right people; from his poker parlays of boldness and bluff; from his unfailing luck; and from the circumstances of fate that thrust him in front of the footlights when there was still room for a talented performer to emote with class and style, commanding the total attention of his audience. "I just happened to have been in the right place at the right time," Reston says with aw-shucks self-effacement.

The double force of the *Times*'s power and Reston's talent and drive has been an unbeatable combination in Washington since the early Eisenhower years. There are, however, carpers in the capital who say that Reston peaked a dozen years ago, when he was the subject of a *Time* magazine cover story, and that his column has begun to lose its edge. Although Reston regularly sees Secretary of State William Rogers, consults with Henry Kissinger on foreign affairs and George Schultz on domestic problems, he hasn't talked with President Nixon since the 1968 Oregon primaries. ("The President," he says mildly in his ever-soft tones, "is not enchanted at the prospect of a conversation with me.")

Some of the ultras on the Left say that Reston is out of touch with youth, that he is too Establishment, and, even though he repeatedly scores the Nixon administration, that he is too closely identified with the system. In a captious assessment of his 1967 book *The Artillery of the Press*, a collection of lectures given before the Council on Foreign Relations, Andrew Kopkind, writing in *The New York Review of Books*, chastised Reston for playing the Washington politico-journalistic game. In his review titled "Times' Square," Kopkind wrote: "Objectivity is the rationalization for moral disengagement, the classic cop-out from choice-making. Reston, like most reporters, is careful to preserve the appearance of objectivity."

But what the Left knocks is the very cornerstone of what Reston believes. "He calls himself a Calvinist," says Russell Baker, one of many premier journalists recruited to the *Times* by Reston, "and he does represent that ethic. He believes in hard work, in thrift, honor your parents, woman's place is in the home, play by the rules, and live clean. He is basically Tom Mix: Be a square shooter, good fellows always win. Scotty believes that to his marrow."

Reston also believes deeply in America, has read its history, has dug into the biographies of its statesmen, quotes liberally from Jefferson. "Scotty believes this country works, he be-

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lieves in democracy," says David Halberstam, a former *Times* man who was hired by Reston from the Nashville *Tennessean* (and who redeemed the faith by winning a Pulitzer in Vietnam). "He believes his marriage helped him and that wives should help husbands and husbands help wives and they should hold hands while jointly going into the sunset. He believes the values he preaches, even though they may be values that are under enormous assault right now."

Gay Talese, who wrote the gossipy biography of the *Times*, *The Kingdom and the Power*, a book that became a national best seller, calls Reston the essence of "Apple-pie America." Says Talese: "He stands for a belief in virtue and religion, a respect for the system and the divine deity." Brought over from Scotland, first as a baby and then again as a lad of eleven (the family couldn't make a go of it the first time), Scotty, in Talese's view, is the paradigm of the poor immigrant boy who could make good in America.

Although he is now a vice president of *The New York Times*, writes his column from his base in Washington, and travels to New York once a week for policy consultations, is he really, as some say, past his prime? One who doesn't think so is Walter Lippmann (Reston keeps a copy of *The Essential Lippmann* on the top of his desk in New York). Lippmann, now a crusty eighty-two and in retirement in New York, sees the 1972 Reston at the very height of his influence. He cites two very recent and very persuasive examples: Reston's work in China, and his role in the drama of the Pentagon Papers, a thunderclap which the *Times* loosed only a few weeks before Reston left for the Orient last summer.

It is perhaps significant that the papers came into the hands of Neil Sheehan, a reporter who had originally been recruited by Reston in Saigon, where Sheehan was working for the United Press. Sheehan brought the papers straight to Reston, who then alerted Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, the forty-five-year-old publisher and son of Arthur Hays Sulzberger and grandson of Adolph Ochs, founder of the present dynasty. Reston never asked Sheehan the identity of his source, and hasn't to this day. But he knew, from his private discussions with Robert McNamara during the Johnson Presidency, that the papers were historical. Reston explains that they had been prepared in order to discover where in the decision-making process the United States had gone wrong.

Three questions faced the *Times*'s executives. Should the paper publish? If so, should it publish a narrative, or a narrative with documents, or a narrative without documents? And finally, if documents, how many?

The *Times*'s lawyers were flatly against publishing at all and ultimately refused to handle the case. The loftier reaches of the *Times*'s hierarchy then began to polarize in an unexpected way. John B. Oakes, the *Times*'s editorial page editor, was against publishing documents. Harrison Salisbury, who runs the Op-Ed page and is normally a hard-charging journalist who once flew to Hanoi and filed stories about the horrors of U.S. bombing of the North Vietnam capital, was, nonetheless, skeptical about the whole operation. Sydney Gruson, former foreign correspondent and now a *Times* vice president, had serious doubts about the wisdom of publishing documents. On the other hand, A. M. Rosenthal, the Pulitzer Prize-winning former foreign correspondent who has risen yeastily to managing editor, was earnestly in favor of publishing. So was Reston. Arguing against the lawyers' position, he reasoned that it was a question not merely of legality but of a higher morality. A vast deception had been perpetrated on the American people, he believed, and the paper should publish.

As far back as 1966, Reston spoke before the Council on Foreign Relations of the "willful deception" by which the administration over the years increased the U.S. involvement step by step almost by stealth. By 1971, when Sheehan brought the papers to him, Reston was quite ready to publish and be damned.

Sulzberger agreed, and he authorized Reston to notify Sheehan to proceed. In Reston's opinion, Sulzberger handled the affair with extraordinary aplomb. "This is a fellow," Reston says, "who was a Marine on MacArthur's staff in Korea. Against this background of Marine security training, Sulzberger never hesitated on the principle of going ahead with it even though his lawyers left him." In Reston's view, the *Times*'s tradition which dictates that the publisher follow the news judgment of his responsible editors is stronger than any countertraining inculcated by the U.S. Marine Corps.

Reston's publish-and-be-damned theory, invoked in this case, is not necessarily a fiat of his, nor of the *Times*. Through his Washington sources, he knew for fully a year before Gary Powers was shot down that the United States was sending U-2s across the Soviet Union from bases in Pakistan. And *Times* reporters learned of the impending Bay of Pigs invasion eleven days before that was scheduled to take place. In this instance, the *Times* elected not to publish and be damned, a decision that Turner Catledge, then the managing editor, was to regret. "Our primary obligation is to our readers," he said later. "I wouldn't know how to interpret our obligation to the government."

Despite the triumphs of 1971 and the salad days of earlier decades when he reigned supreme in Washington unchallenged by any electronic box or any journalist, Reston thinks his greatest contribution to the *Times* lies elsewhere. Some time ago he lifted the idea of the Supreme Court clerk and adapted it to Washington journalism. In place of secretaries, he recruited promising young men to answer his phone, shuffle his correspondence, and help with his research. Among them were Steven Roberts, now the *Times*'s bureau chief in Los Angeles; Craig Whitney and Iver Peterson, now in Saigon; and Jim Sterba, presently cov-

Reston with Premier Chou En-lai last summer—"the capstone of a career."

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ering Bangladesh. He brought in Tom Wicker, who now alternates his own Washington column with the master; Anthony Lewis, who writes from London; and the humorist Russell Baker. Years ago he spotted Halberstam's work in Nashville and called him. "This is Scotty Reston of *The New York Times*. I'd like to talk to you about coming to work for us." Suspecting a ruse perpetrated by a friend, Halberstam shouted, "Jesus Christ, I haven't got time for that nonsense," and hung up. Reston had to call back.

Although Reston has a profound admiration for Ivy League products (Peterson, Whitney, Roberts, and Halberstam are all Harvard men), he also recruited candidates for his Washington bureau from the *Times*'s own staff. Jack Raymond, who had served as a foreign correspondent for the *Times* in the Balkans, Germany, and the Soviet Union, came home in 1956 after long service abroad, expecting to work in New York. He had bought a house and was enjoying the prospect of a permanent base in his hometown when Scotty called him one day and invited him to join the Washington bureau. "My wife was ironing when the phone rang, and when she heard the way the conversation was going, she waved the iron at me. I told him I wasn't interested, but he asked me to come down and talk it over." Reston offered Raymond coverage of the State Department or the Pentagon. By the time Reston was through his sales pitch, Raymond had agreed to brave his wife's iron, sell his house, and move to the capital. A friend, noting Raymond's high-charged excitation and recognizing both the symptom and the cause, made an instant diagnosis. "Scotty took you to the top of the mountain, didn't he?" the friend said.

Raymond, who is now president of the International Institute for Environmental Affairs, admits that Scotty had indeed done so, but the effects of his trip haven't rubbed off to this day. "Can you think of a better job than covering the Pentagon from 1956 to 1966?" he asks now. "Ike was President. We just began to break into the space age. And the space age was born in the military. Implications of the military were affecting every part of American life and of the world. It dominated the budget and therefore it dominated the Congress, dominated the Executive, dominated the world. Scotty had it all right, and I covered it that way."

Reston's gift for lyrical persuasiveness is also part of his native sense of drive, and it is this drive that makes him competitive. In Baker's term, he is a man filled with "old-fashioned spirit and energy—beat the competition and get the scoop." The novelist Allen Drury, whom Reston recruited from the Washington *Evening Star* in 1954, wrote his first book, *Advise and Consent*, while a member of the *Times*'s Washington bureau. When the book appeared and was taken by the Book-of-the-Month Club and rose to the heights of the best-seller lists, Drury became a Washington celebrity overnight, but weeks went by before Reston acknowledged to Drury that he had even heard of the book. Drury, who was to win a Pulitzer Prize for *Advise and Consent*, still concludes that Reston was too keen a competitor to accept that kind of challenge from a subordinate.

If anything, Reston is even more proprietary about *The New York Times* and its image than he is about himself. "I've never seen a man with such an institutional bump on him about the *Times*," says his close and longtime friend McNeil Lowry, vice president of the Humanities and Arts of the Ford Foundation. In Talese's view, Reston comes from an era that produced newspaper people who are accustomed to writing about others but react negatively on finding themselves or their papers under scrutiny. Reston so resented *The Kingdom and the Power*, the paperback edition of which lists more than half a page of references to him in its index, that he chided Ruth Adler, the editor of *Times Talk*, the paper's house organ, for printing an item announcing the forthcoming publication of the book.

A year after *The Kingdom and the Power* came out, Reston sent Talese a picture postcard from Lake Como showing statues of lions chewing on one another. "This reminds me of a chapter from *The Kingdom and the Power*," Reston wrote.

To begrime the *Times* with gossip was to defile something that was sacrosanct, if not indeed holy. The *Times*, his country, his God, and his family all live together in a private neighborhood of his mind, barricaded behind a fence of inviolable esteem. "Reston made a good citizen," Talese reflects. "He appreciated the nation and the way democracy can work for a poor young boy. That concept made him ideally suited for the Sulzberger family, who embrace the philosophy that America works for those who work hard. It worked for old man Ochs, for the Sulzbergers, for the whole family, and it worked for Reston."

The Chinese ethic of hard work and no nonsense sounded a familiar note for Reston. In many ways the curious kinship between China's posture and Scottish Calvinism was in Reston's view the most interesting part of his recent journey. "Here are these people actually trying to produce a cooperative society and to bring about the moral reformation of a quarter of the human race. It sounded to me as if I was back in the Wee Kirk listening to the old exhortations to be modest and to be self-critical and helpful of others. The little red book is just *McGuffey's Reader* updated.

"I really do believe that we are going to see in the next decade not so much a confrontation of ideas but of societies. Here at a time when we are losing the old doctrine of work hard, work outside yourself for larger goals, be cooperative, be modest, along comes a society which is picking up these very ideas which we are tending to forget. I don't find that a very consoling thought. I find it rather troubling."

Reston remembers well the poverty of his childhood years. The family slept in one room, he and his sister curled at the foot of his parents' bed. A skilled machinist, Reston's father migrated to Dayton, then a town of machine shops, and after work he often looked over the shoulder of Nipper Campbell, a Scottish pro who was designing the Moraine Country Club golf course. Short, sweet, pious, and Bible-reading, James Reston, Sr., was a partisan of labor politics.

If father was gentle and soft, mother was strong and domineering, and it was she who imprinted on Scotty an enormous awareness of duty, a severe Calvinist conscience, and a sense of responsibility that proved indelible. It was a Spartan household, living on very little, and the children were expected to work after school. Like his father, Scotty sniffed the beguiling new-mown green of the golf course, and soon he was caddying at Moraine. He frequently carried the clubs for Governor James Cox, the Ohio publisher, who became Democratic candidate for President in 1920.

Scotty's own golf game was soon so good he became something of a teen-aged celebrity. "The old Governor made a lot out of that," Scotty says now. So did Reston's father, who wanted him to turn pro. Mother would have none of it. She wanted him to be a preacher, and, as he says now, more than four decades later, "Well, I am."

In winter, with the golf course covered with snow, he went down to the Dayton *Daily News*, where he was well known to the sportswriters. "When the phone rang, I'd pick it up and take down the scores, and from that I just moved into newspapering. I never thought of anything else."

At the University of Illinois he got, as one friend puts it, the normal kind of young athlete's education. Despite a middling, undistinguished record (he skipped the course in governmental reporting, got an A in sports writing), he worked hard and showed that he had a tenacious mind. He also met Sally Fulton, daughter of an Illinois

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judge, who slipped easily into Phi Beta Kappa and was president of her sorority.

After he graduated from Illinois in 1932, Scotty spent a year working on Governor Cox's Springfield *Daily News* covering sports for $10 a week. In the words of one ex-employee, the salaries paid by Cox, meager by any standard, were considered by him to be philanthropies. When Reston went to work on the Springfield newspaper, his city editor informed him he was no longer a college boy but a newspaperman and should wear a hat. "I'd be glad to wear a hat," said Reston agreeably, "but I can't afford one."

He took a job, after a year, in the sports publicity department of Ohio State and then became the press officer for the Cincinnati Reds. The baseball post required him to visit newspapers and wire services, providing him with an opportunity to ferret out a job as a newspaperman. The Associated Press took him on, and in the curious ways of journalism the small-town boy from Ohio was sent East to write a column called "A New Yorker at Large." In the manner of O. O. McIntyre, the column said to people out in the hinterlands, "Look how great it is to be in New York!"

"It was typical of an agrarian society whose kids went to the big city," Reston says now. "I wrote about interesting people arriving in New York, Somerset Maugham, J. B. Priestley, and other English geniuses."

On Christmas Eve 1935, in suburban Larchmont, New York, Scotty Reston married Sarah Jane Fulton, known as Sally. Twice while with AP he tried to get on the *Times* in New York, only to be waved off, and in 1937 the wire service sent him to London to write about sports and also help cover the British Foreign Office. Within ten days, an AP confrere later recalled, Scotty was sending back pieces on the international situation.

By 1939, with Europe on the edge of war, Reston at last made it to the *Times*, joining the paper in London as a correspondent. During a leave of absence to help organize the Office of War Information in London, he got to know John Winant, U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. It was Ambassador Winant who recommended Reston to Arthur Hays Sulzberger when the *Times*'s publisher was looking for an aide-de-camp. Winant called him "intent, handsome, square-thinking, adept, and well liked," and Sulzberger apparently agreed. He brought Reston home to take the job.

When Sulzberger was dispatched to Moscow in 1943 on a government mission, Reston went along. Not only did Reston see a vast chunk of the world in a time of great political stress, but he and Sulzberger came to realize in Moscow that under the Soviet government the press is an instrument of the society rather than an observer of its failings. At the offices of *Pravda*, there was no city room, nor were there any reporters, in the American sense. They were "technicians," as Reston was later to call them, "processing what officials in government offices somewhere else in Moscow had prepared." The Soviet assumption that the press must be controlled and the American assumption that it must be free is perhaps the synthesis of the difference between the two societies about whose conflicts Reston was to write for nearly three decades.

Even though Reston's personal tastes have often been described as more Calvinistic and conservative than were those of Arthur Hays Sulzberger, the Moscow trip cemented a warm personal friendship—kinship might be more apt—that has endured with the Sulzbergers to this day. It extended to the Sulzbergers' son-in-law, Orvil Dryfoos, who was to become publisher. When Dryfoos died at fifty in 1963, the family turned to Reston to deliver the eulogy. They called upon him again five years later when Arthur Hays Sulzberger died. Reston, the pious Scot, spoke from the pulpit at Temple Emanu-El in New York before an assembly of mourners that included Richard Nixon, then President-elect.

Despite his heady position under Sulzberger, Reston chafed to get back into the active arena of journalism. In 1944 he scored an enormous beat at the Dumbarton Oaks Conference by obtaining the entire set of Allied position papers before the meetings started. With Scottish prudence, he fed rations of his private information into his stories each day, causing dismay among the press corps and near crisis among the nations involved. The Russians were sure that Washington had deliberately delivered the information to Reston. The Americans thought he had got it from the British, and an investigation of Reston was started by the FBI. In truth, he had got the papers from the Chinese, who, as Reston had correctly surmised, were disgruntled with the political turn of the conference and were ready for a little mischief.

London, 1940: A Timesman—at last.

The Dumbarton Oaks Conference was Reston's first assignment as diplomatic correspondent for the *Times* in Washington. When the series won a Pulitzer, his reportorial career was at last under full sail. The hatful of honors that Reston collected during his nine years as diplomatic correspondent brought an assortment of job offers. He turned down a proffered plum—Washington bureau chief of *Time*—but when *The Washington Post* invited him to become editor, he went into deep negotiations with Philip Graham, the newspaper's publisher.

Arthur Krock, who by then had been Washington bureau chief of *The New York Times* for more than twenty years, makes much of the fact that he stepped aside in order to save Reston for the *Times*. There are those who say, however, that by then Reston was closer to the Sulzbergers and that Krock had come to realize it.

Reston's decision to stay with the *Times* did not diminish his friendship with the Grahams. With Sally, he joined them for trips to Florida and the Bahamas. While golfing with Phil in Nassau, and a little rusty with the clubs, he shanked a drive over the heads of the caddies and through the window of a Canadian bank. Once in the Naples, Florida, home of Mrs. Graham's mother, which Kay and Phil had borrowed, Reston of the *Times* and Graham of the *Post* turned their efforts toward the stove. They manufactured menus, donned proper culinary costume, produced a dinner of hamburgers and gooey spaghetti, and left an alp of pots in the sink.

"Scotty really has a tremendous sense of the absurd," says Kay Graham. "On those vacations there was a lot of nonsense and shrieking with laughter and giggling and all those things people think Scotty doesn't do."

The Washington Post tendered three offers to Reston, two when Phil Graham was alive and one after his death when Kay had taken over. But the tie with the *Times* was firmer than friendship. Mrs. Graham and the Restons are still warm friends—Scotty calls her either Kaysie or sometimes Kate, as her husband called her. If Mrs. Graham couldn't persuade Reston to take over the *Post*, she once, some-

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how, dragooned Scotty and Sally, Calvinist background and all, to go to Truman Capote's famous 1967 party at the Plaza, which is something like getting Billy Graham to spend a week at Caesars Palace in Vegas.

Reston freely confesses that Capote parties are not his style. He is a card-carrying puritan who is offended by off-color stories even when told among men. He changes diction and vocabulary in front of women. The new cinema and much of the new theater leave him morally outraged. He is, says Mac Lowry, his friend from college days, "the most strict epitome of Scots Calvinism I ever knew. A lot of people are not attracted to that—my God, he's such a serious guy."

Socially, Reston sees the Lowrys, both of whom met Scotty and Sally on the Illinois campus at Urbana in the Thirties, and the Ned Kenworthys. Elizabeth Kenworthy is Sally's first cousin, and Ned Kenworthy, who once covered capital politics, now writes on environment for the *Times*'s Washington bureau. When the sextet gets together, particularly when the women start reminiscing, Scotty joins the ebullience, laughing until the tears stream down his cheeks. It is a side of Scotty that few ever see. Even among his close friends it doesn't last long.

Scotty, who earned nearly $100,000 last year, lives with Sally in a two-story, sixty-year-old brick house in Cleveland Park, a Washington neighborhood preferred, as Ned Kenworthy puts it, by "reporters and lesser diplomats." The Kenworthys' house is eight blocks away. The Restons also have a cabin at Fiery Run, Virginia, fifteen minutes from Kay Graham's house at Marshall.

The Restons' three sons have long since departed from the fold. Tom is at the University of Virginia Law School. James, Jr., is teaching creative writing at the University of North Carolina and is about to publish his first novel. Richard, who has been the Los Angeles *Times*'s correspondent in Moscow and London, is coming home to be diplomatic correspondent for his paper in Washington, a trail hacked by Scotty's machete thirty years earlier. Even Reston's detractors must concede that it was a formidable trail, difficult if not impossible, in view of the changing scene, for anyone else to follow. Perhaps there can never be another Scotty Reston, a question that continues to tantalize the Washington press corps.

Never in the country's journalistic history has the competition for national attention been keener. The peak of Reston's eminence in Washington has to be dated back, some say, to the pre-Cronkite, pre-Huntley-Brinkley days when print had vastly greater power. Today, getting a couple of minutes on the Cronkite show might mean more for a young bureaucrat than a full interview with a columnist.

Reston is the first to concede the validity of this theory. Sitting in his New York suite of offices recently—clearly the quarters of a journalistic statesman who has arrived—Reston looked back to the Twenties for the early sparks of electronic journalism that were to strike the first challenge to the written word.

"As the radio took away from the newspaper the job of being the first purveyor of the news, so television took away from the newspaper the job of great description. How can you cover the death of a Kennedy when you can *see* the tears on Jackie's cheek?" he asks.

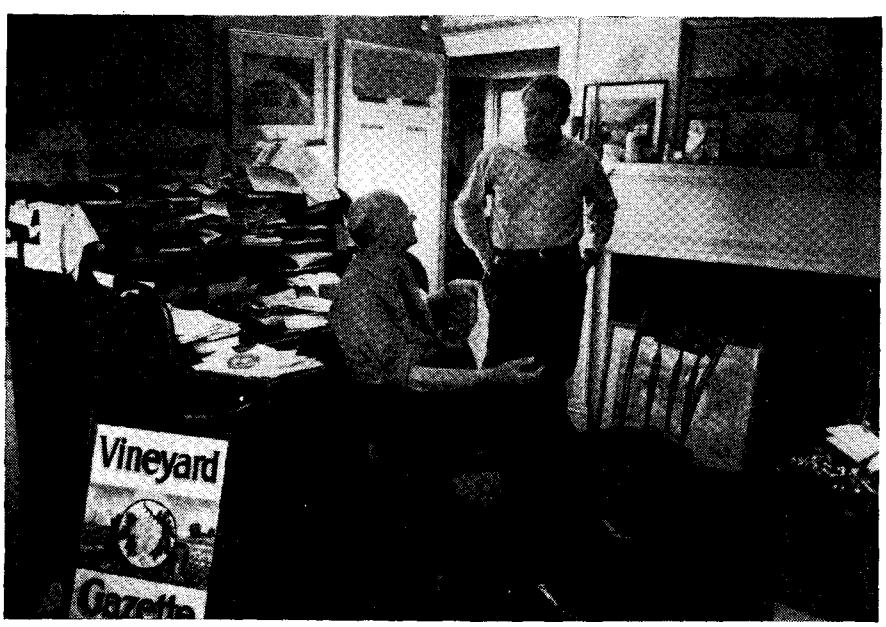
Still, Scotty Reston is too committed to the power of the printed word to concede that television can make newspapers and magazines obsolete. In 1968 the Restons bought the *Vineyard Gazette*, the venerable weekly on the island off Cape Cod that has been run for the past fifty-two years by Henry Beetle Hough, noted author of *Country Editor, Tuesday Will Be Different*, and other books. Hough still edits the paper while Reston writes an occasional column that he calls "Sketches in the Sand." He took the title from a Lippmann quote of 1915 ("A puzzled man making notes . . . drawing sketches in the sand, which the sea will wash away"), which he also used as the title of a book he published in 1967.

Now and then Scotty turns in pieces for the *Gazette* that seem to have been composed on a lyre. "Easter on the Vineyard was all shine and sparkle," went one April story that the *Gazette* ran on the front page. "The sun was warm, the moon and ferries full, and the sea ruffled and smiling as if it were dreaming of June."

Scotty has no important plans for the *Gazette*, but he greatly enjoys it. "When you spend your time throwing continents and prime ministers around, it's kind of nice to worry about the town meeting in Chilmark, and whether they are going to vote $200 to repair a bridge."

Reston has no particular idea why he bought the paper. "Hough just came to me and said, 'I've devoted my life to this. My wife is dead now, and we have no children. I'd just like to see the *Gazette* go into a newspaper family. Would you be interested?'" Scotty doesn't know why he said yes. "My mother," he reflects, "would have called it 'the hand of the Lord.'"

He and Sally have bought a house separated from the *Gazette* office by nothing more than a grassy lawn, but the house has no heat and when they return in winter they have to seek rented lodgings. Reston makes no predictions about retiring from the *Times* and devoting all his attention to the *Gazette*. "It depends on how long the *Times* wants me to do the column," he says. "It depends on the accident of life." Hough, who turned seventy-five last November, would like to retire. "I have been preoccupied with writing the obituary of the human race," he said recently. "It's not my assignment really, but I count on putting in some of the details." Scotty has asked him to stay, however, until 1976. By then Hough will be 80 and the United States will be 200. For a poor immigrant boy who made good in America and who believes fervently in the nation and the system, it might prove an auspicious year to launch a new career back in the small-town America where he first started to grow. □



"Vineyard Gazette" editor Henry Beetle Hough with Reston, the weekly's new owner.

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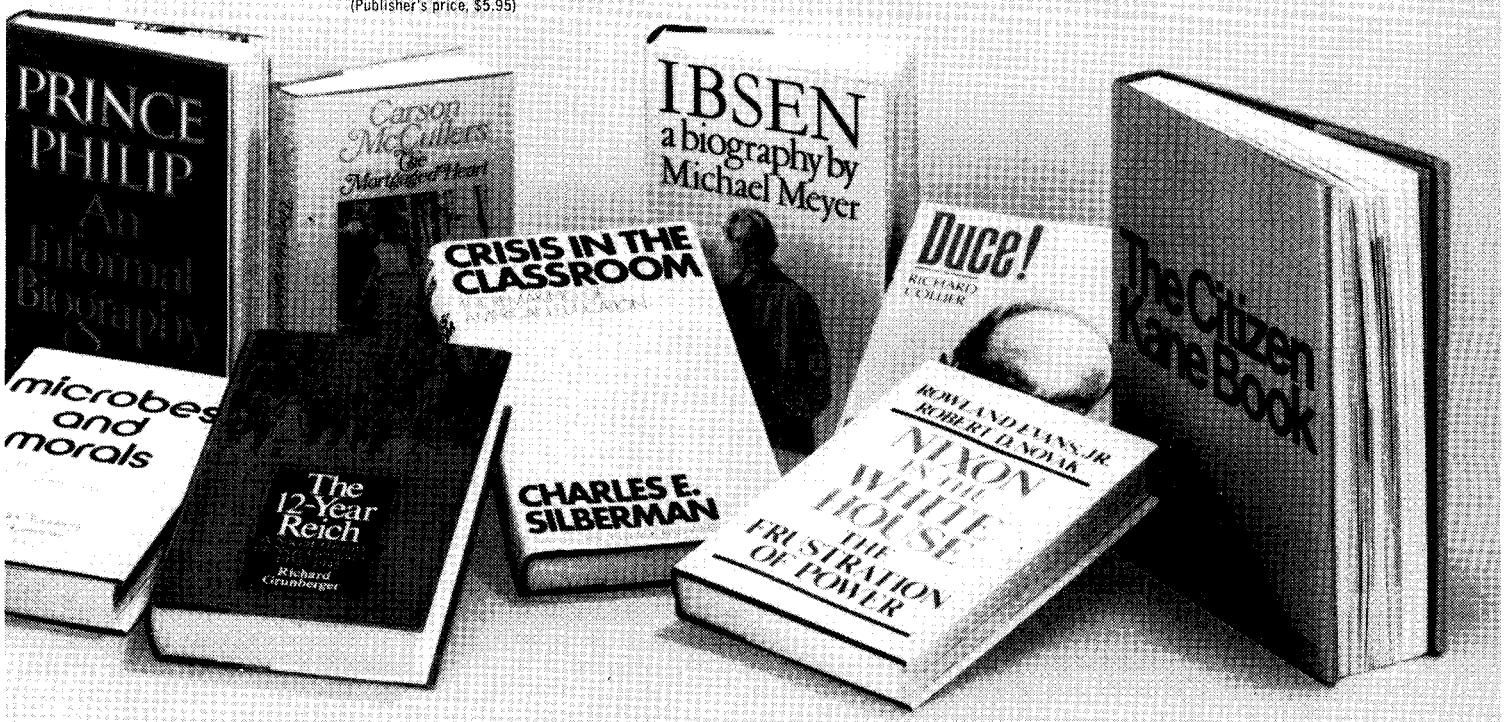

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Found Money for the Arts

Can money for the arts be alchemized out of dirty air? Arts enthusiasts are watching closely an ingenious new scheme initiated by New York's Mayor John Lindsay, who in 1967 directed his City Planning Commission Chairman, Donald H. Elliott, to come up with a plan to save the Broadway theater district from further demolition by office building developers. The resulting plan provided for city government—in this case, the Department of City Planning's Urban Design Group and the Board of Estimate—to make a mutually beneficial exchange with private real estate developers. In return for constructing a new theater in their projected office buildings, developers would receive special permission to build up to 20 per cent more rentable office space than they otherwise would be allowed.

In 1967, when New York office space was more in demand than it is now, three real estate firms agreed to the plan. Sam Minskoff and Sons included a 1,650-seat theater and a 1,500-seat moviehouse in its building at Broadway and 45th Street, scheduled to open in the spring. The Uris Capitol Corporation put a 1,875-seat theater (opening this fall) and a 650-seat theater (opening in March) into its new building at Broadway and 50th Street. And Fisher Brothers annexed a 347-seat playhouse to the new J. P. Stevens Building at 46th Street and Avenue of the Americas, which has been ruled part of the Broadway theater district.

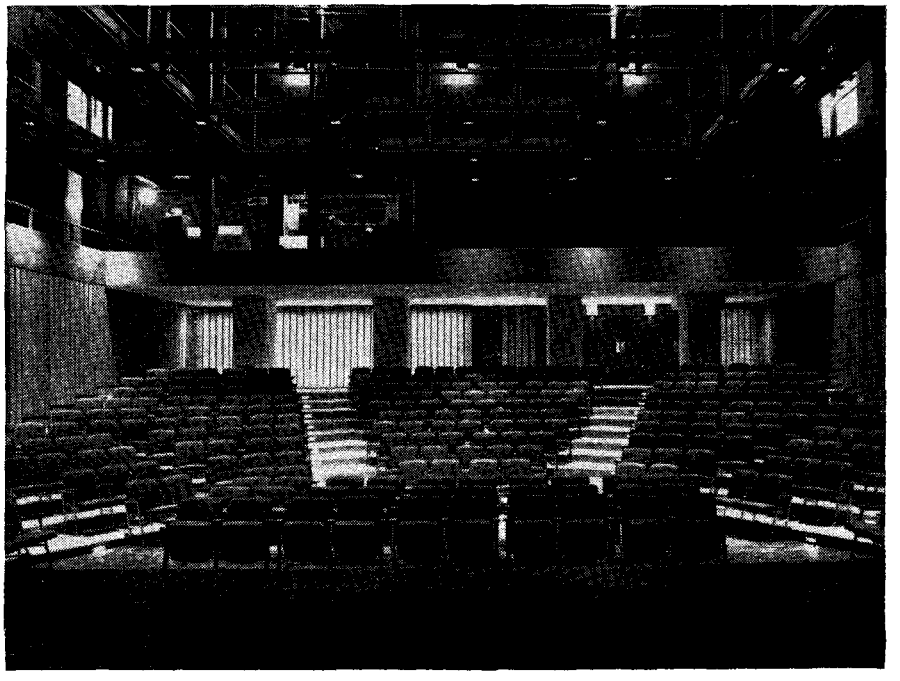
The last, the new home of the distinguished nonprofit American Place Theatre, has just opened. The theater reportedly cost Fisher Brothers $1.8-million to construct (plus an extra million for other prescribed pedestrian facilities), but for spending this money they received permission to build three extra floors of office space, which if fully rented could in five years pay off the cost of building the theater. After that there would be a potential extra income to Fisher Brothers of from $600,000 to $750,000 per year.

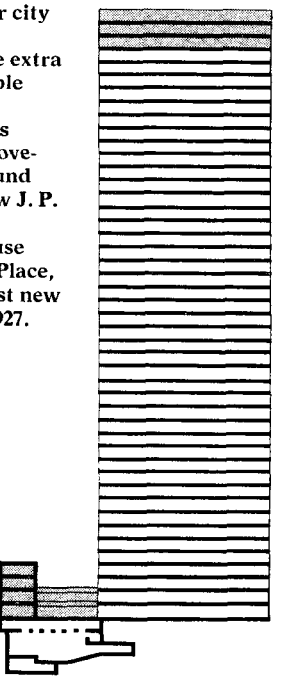
Fisher Brothers is leasing the theater to The American Place for a nominal $5 a year, and although The American Place's director, Wynn Handman, guesses that it will cost him between $50,000 and $100,000 a year for maintenance, he is still delighted at the advantages the new theater affords. First of all, the location, just off the busy Avenue of the Americas, has prompted him to think of lunchtime and 6:30 p.m. performances for office workers. Then there is the plant itself. On the way down to the theater is a special cabaret called The Sub-Plot, in which Handman hopes to develop new satirical performers in the tradition of Mort Sahl and Woody Allen. In the case of political material, Handman would welcome a William Buckley as well as a Dick Gregory.

The theater, with its movable thrust stage and balcony acting areas, also pleases him. He says, "I was worried about losing the old warm ambience we had at St. Clement's Church, but this has turned out to be a place where the actors feel good working and the audience feels good watching them. We haven't had one complaint from an actor or from any of our eight thousand subscribers. Furthermore, because of the air conditioning, The American Place season can be lengthened, and because the theater's capacity is almost double that of St. Clement's, subscriptions can now be increased to sixteen thousand."

So the plan seems to be working. Fisher Brothers will eventually benefit financially, The American Place has a handsome new home, and one new theater has been added to the Broadway district. Not to be overlooked is the fact that New York City will receive tax income not only from the three extra floors of offices but also from the extra money spent in New York by tourists drawn by the attraction of the theater district. Indeed, theatrical producer Joel W. Schenker has suggested that the city earmark a small percentage of this extra tax revenue for keeping good theater alive by underwriting the distribution of low-priced tickets.

Richard Weinstein, a cocreator of the city's plan, has an even more ambitious idea. He foresees the creation of a Cultural Development Corporation that would be given ownership of all these new theaters. It could use the rent and royalty-sharing revenue received from producers in whatever way would serve the best interests of the arts. If ten new theaters were built in office buildings, the corporation might receive as much as $3-million a year, and this contribution to the arts would take nothing out of the taxpayers' pockets. □





In exchange for city permission to construct three extra floors of rentable office space, Fisher Brothers included an above- and below-ground annex in its new J. P. Stevens office building to house The American Place, Broadway's first new theater since 1927.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Won't You Charleston with Me?

There's no use beating around the bush, I'm in love with *The Boy Friend* —so much so that all I did as I left the preview was mutter to one of MGM's publicity minions, "Tell Aubrey to put back those twenty minutes he cut out." There is a curious axiom in Hollywood that any picture can be saved by cutting. (At the moment, James Aubrey seems to be the special apostle of this theory.) Not true. No bad picture has ever been improved by the cuts, and many a good film has been seriously damaged by them. In the case of *The Boy Friend*, many scenes are begun but not ended; during one of the later musical numbers, for example, a little street band is introduced, then inexplicably disappears. Far from helping the picture, these excisions, by their very transparency, can only make the paying customer exclaim, "We wuz robbed."

And robbed they were, I would say, even without my having seen those missing minutes, for director Ken Russell has contrived about Sandy Wilson's affectionate spoof of the Twenties musicals on Broadway and in London's West End a no less affectionate spoofing of Hollywood musicals and (especially) of their plots in the Thirties. The whole thing is so much of a piece and so delightfully and delicately executed that anyone who responds to the material wants more, while those who hate it wouldn't be unhappy if the film were slashed to twenty minutes.

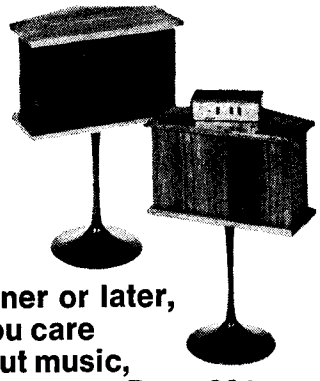
The big change that Russell has wrought in his screenplay is to take us backstage for a matinee presentation of *The Boy Friend* in a nondescript theater in the British provinces. A Hollywood producer (Vladek Sheybal) is there, ostensibly to turn the show into a movie musical—thus lending a shaky validity to the Busby Berkeley fantasies into which so many of the stage-bound musical numbers expand. The show's leading lady (Glenda Jackson, in an unbilled guest appearance) has been disabled in a tram accident, and the assistant stage manager, a Dickensian slavey with glasses (Twiggy), is drafted to go on as a replacement. The whole tone of the film is set when the leading man (Christopher Gable) removes her glasses just before she goes on stage and murmurs, "Why, you're beautiful!"

And beautiful Twiggy is, in a gangly, awkward, and utterly nonprofessional way. She doesn't pretend to sing; she barely pretends to dance; but she is a *presence*. And her presence—tentative, unassuming, less than competent in whatever she is asked to do—proves utterly endearing and, at moments, affecting. In the movies, a star doesn't have to act; a star merely has to *be*. And by knowing how to use that being, Russell has made a star of Twiggy.

I suppose that, ultimately, the success or failure of *The Boy Friend* must depend upon one's nostalgia for the Twenties and the Thirties; but if that's so, I find it just a bit tragic. Parody is probably one of the most difficult of all art forms; and this film is filled with deft and elegant parodies of such excellences as Cole Porter, Noël Coward, and the Astaires, not to mention the afore noted Busby Berkeley. But here the parody is done with such affection, with such a delicious appreciation of what made the prototypes so popular in their day, that we are almost transported back to the era in which it all first happened. We get a sense of loss of innocence and with it the wish to be back in that sunny, simple-minded time when "I could be happy with you/If you could be happy with me" seemed a solid enough foundation for the good life. Tony Walton's exuberant settings perfectly back up Russell's tongue-in-cheek take-offs.

Unfortunately, there is nothing tongue-in-cheek about *Dirty Harry*, another in the series of police melodramas currently appearing in vast numbers. Flint-eyed Clint Eastwood plays the title character, so named because, according to the script, he is the cop who draws all the dirty assignments in San Francisco—although there is also the possibility that his cognomen derives from his methods of handling his cases. Clearly a law-and-order man, Harry is nevertheless assigned to pay off a kind of Zodiac Killer. Harry's instincts tell him to catch the murderer despite instructions to the contrary from the Mayor himself, and, at the risk of his life and his badge, Harry hunts him down.

As so often happens in these cases, it isn't so much Harry's life that is in jeopardy as it is the lives of the innocents who stand between him and his quarry. After all, Harry can take care of himself. To the dispassionate eye, however, there seems to be precious little difference between the ruthless killer and the ruthless cop, and it is small consolation to realize that the cop is on our side. Don Siegel's taut, persuasive direction makes the film even more disturbing. □



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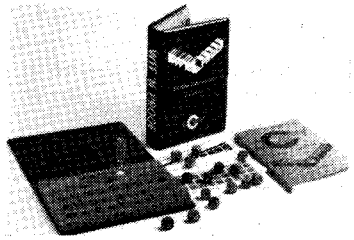

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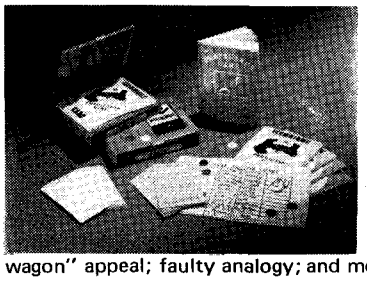

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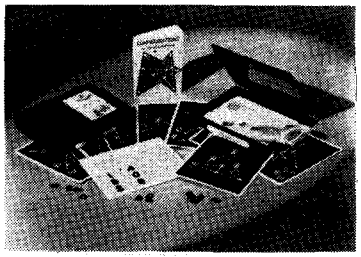

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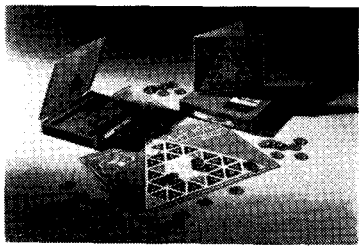

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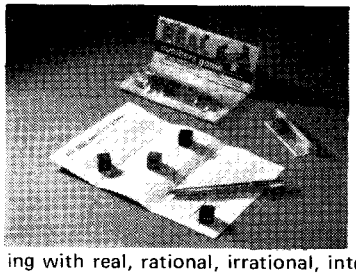

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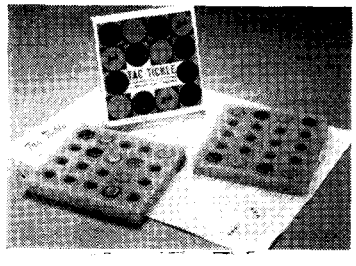

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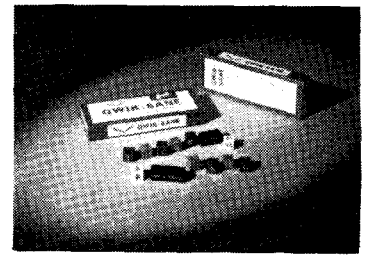

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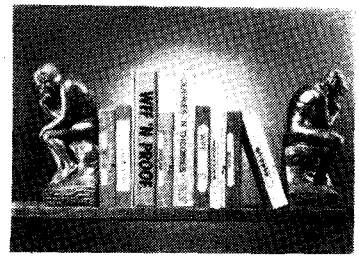

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Editorial

The Arts—Taking Them Public

Our magazine's cover identifies this week's issue as *Saturday Review of the Arts*—the first of *SR*'s new, expanded supplements. Beginning with this issue, *SR* is devoting more pages, color, and resources to each of its four areas of special interest, and in successive weeks the magazine will be, in turn, *Saturday Review of Education*, *Saturday Review of the Society*, and *Saturday Review of Science*. A glance at the table of contents reveals that this week's supplement has broadened its specialized coverage of the arts without sacrificing any of the regular features—the columns, reviews, puzzles, cartoons, or letters to the editor—that have traditionally been a part of the magazine.

By devoting more pages to the arts, *SR* will be able to discuss at greater length, and from several points of view, not only artistic events but also the deeper esthetic questions that underlie those events. One such question that particularly interests me is the long-awaited, but long-delayed, democratization of the arts.

For centuries the arts in Europe and America were as exclusive as a royal game preserve; an ordinary person was as little likely to be able to decode the classical allusions in a sonnet of courtly love as he was to stalk deer in the forest at Windsor. Before all pleasure groves was posted a neat sign that read "No trespassing." Artists painted portraits of the titled, dedicated poems to rich patrons, and composed chamber music and closet dramas for only the most aristocratic chambers and closets.

In the nineteenth century, the arts went public—but only to a limited degree. More and more middle-class people were becoming literate and buying books; the great novels of bourgeois life in France, Russia, England, and America were addressed to bourgeois readers. Simultaneously, the democratic art of photography enabled any humble family to sit for its picture, to buy a tintype for a few pennies. The Impressionists painted men in shirt sleeves and women in muslin dresses and showed them at the beach or on picnics, getting out of the bath or trying on a hat. In reaching a wider public, the artists embraced wider concerns. An unknown young woman, Harriet Beecher Stowe, had a vision one day while at church in Maine, wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and helped precipitate the Civil War—a conflict that Walt Whitman's poems and Mathew Brady's photographs later interpreted to this nation as well as to the rest of the world. Henrik Ibsen's play *A Doll's House* and George Meredith's novel *The Egoist* (both of which appeared in 1879) signaled the full emergence of the women's liberation movement. The abolition of serfdom and the promotion of other social reforms in Russia were championed by that country's leading writers. It was Russia's greatest playwright, Anton Chekhov, who wrote in 1892: "The writers whom we dub immortal or just simply good and who intoxicate us have one very important trait in common: They are going somewhere and summon you to go there with them, and you feel, not with your mind but with your whole being, that they have a purpose."

But even today the arts still retain some of their former exclusivity and remoteness, an odor of sanctity that recalls the dictum of T. E. Hulme, a turn-of-the-century English critic: "Art is spilt religion." All too often, critics still speak to one another in a hushed, private language; many paintings can be understood only as "statements" appended to obscure or unpublished manifestoes; and opera and ballet, although thoroughly dependent now upon the financial support of the public, return the public's admiration at times as begrudgingly as dowagers on relief. The most baffling phenomenon of all, however, is that many of these "difficult" artists and critics are as passionately egalitarian in their politics as they are elitist in their work and their attitudes toward creativity. These difficult artists willingly march for progressive causes, sign full-page antiwar newspaper declarations, make speeches for women's rights, boycott the White House—everything except incorporate their political preoccupations into their novels, poems, paintings, or ballets.

This paradox has begun to trouble many American artists. They are no longer content to communicate only with one another in a palace dialect. Theatrical companies are playing in the streets, poets are finally acknowledging that there is a war going on in Vietnam, and perhaps more than ever before novelists, such as Percy Walker in his recent *Love Among the Ruins* and John Updike in *Rabbit Redux*, are displaying a concern for the direction—some would say the disastrous direction—our country is taking.

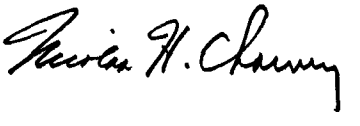
In short, art is molding American life. Our attitudes toward violence, toward politics, toward sex, toward our national character, all are being shaped by works of art, for not only does art imitate life, but life imitates art as well. *Saturday Review of the Arts* will attempt to unravel some of the delicate but strong threads that weave together actual and imagined experience.

There are no final answers to the great esthetic questions. Is art meant for now or for eternity? Should artists serve the public welfare or a private vision? Can they serve both at once? Do a few geniuses really have a superior insight into the meaning of the times (whatever that is), or are the great great only because we are on our knees?

There can be no definitive answers to these questions, and *Saturday Review of the Arts* should not try to provide any. What the magazine can do, however, is join the continuing conversation that artists, critics, and scholars have long been holding on these subjects—and make sure that the intelligent general reader is in on the fascinating debate. As I mentioned here a few weeks ago, we are a "knowledge society"; there is no reason why knowledge of the arts should be reserved for the happy few.

In order to direct attention to important esthetic ideas and events, *Saturday Review of the Arts* in future months will feature eight regular departments: Communications, Art, Music, Film, Theater, Photography, Design, and Architecture. *Saturday Review of the Arts* will also devote pages at the beginning of each issue to "*SR* Recommends"—a qualitative listing of the best in books, pop events, television, dance, and other creative and performing arts.

But *Saturday Review of the Arts* will not confine itself to simply an evaluation of familiar genres. The democratization of the arts in America is spawning not only new audiences but also new forms. People throughout the nation are making their own clothes, designing their own gardens, staging their own happenings. As an article in this issue reports, student painters, dancers, writers, and composers are taking fire from one another and creating mixed-media events at such schools as Disney's Cal Arts. *Saturday Review of the Arts* intends to be alive to these and other events, no matter where or in what shapes they may materialize, since art is not only "spilt religion" but also collected—even collective—excitement.



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Saturday Review of

THE ARTS

In the country of the arts, the traveler is learning a new language. Taking leave of the mandarin garden, artists and critics are speaking more and more directly to the problems of our society and ourselves. In these pages, we hear some of their forceful new words—in a report on a hopeful experiment at the California Institute of the Arts, in a feminist examination of the American novel, and in a study of the ordered anarchy of Merce Cunningham.

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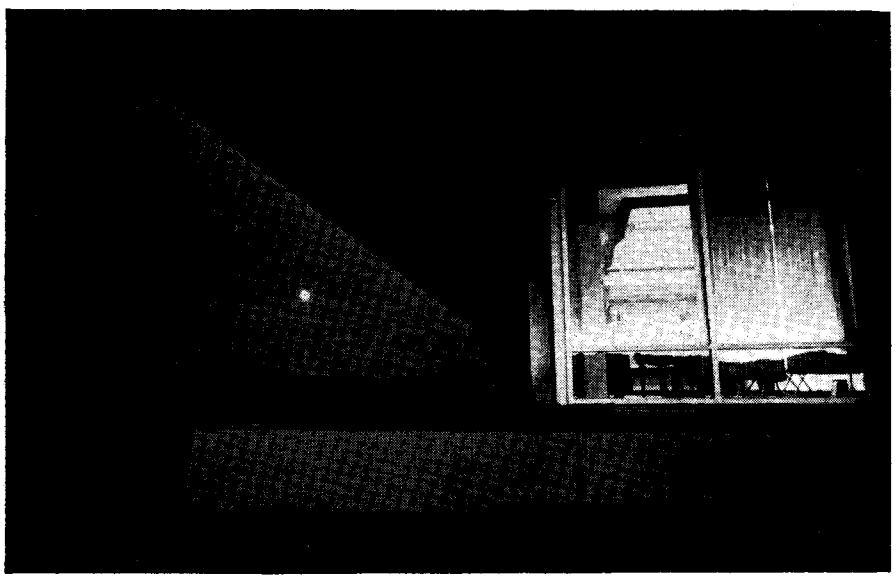
Mixing the Arts in the MICKIMAUSHAUS

From rocky beginnings, California Institute of the Arts moves toward its goal of interaction among several disciplines in the arts.

BY IRVING KOLODIN



No "log hut," Cal Arts' striking buildings (above) are sited on 600 acres. Within the spacious setup there are few boundaries on learning. The "creation" at right—a combined inspiration of theater and arts students—was taken into the street to check onlookers' responses.

Just what is needed for a full education? Roughly 100 years ago, James A. Garfield told a group of Williams College alumni that he would be perfectly happy with nothing more than "a log hut with only a simple bench, Mark Hopkins at one end and I on the other, and you may have all the buildings, apparatus, and libraries without him." Garfield, then a Congressman and later the twentieth President of the United States, was apotheosizing the then president of Williams as "the true teacher." There may still be a few educators like Mark Hopkins who can achieve remarkable results with only a simple bench and never mind the complex apparatus that goes with a modern education. But in an increasingly complicated world of mechanical means, electronic adjuncts, and multimedia possibilities, that would hardly be sufficient for the student of the arts.

It is fitting that *SR*'s expanded Arts supplement finds its initial focus in the California Institute of the Arts, the latest effort to bring together exponents of a variety of artistic disciplines.

Ample land and an endowment of $20-million of Walt Disney's money have made possible the construction of a "log hut" situated on 600 acres and including extensive studios for music, film, TV, dance, theater, design, the written word, and the graphic arts. Within its spacious white reinforced-concrete frame and dark brick walls are intimate music practice rooms, extensive work areas for painters and sculptors, several libraries, a file of slides that can be utilized for background projections and recorded music for use on its own or for underscoring. To assist the student in doing not only his (or her) own thing but somebody else's as well, both the practical and the academic worlds have been fine-combed for faculty members. Among the best known: Mark Harris, author of several fine novels; Alexander Mackendrick, creator of the unforgettable film *Tight Little Island*; Terry Saunders, winner of numerous awards for film documentaries; Herbert Blau, formerly artistic codirector with Jules Irving of The Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center; composers Mel Powell and Mort Subotnick; harpsichordist Fernando Valenti; pianist Leonid Hambro; social psychologist Richard Farson; and dance designer Bella Lewitsky. Together with more than 125 other persons, they make up a faculty composed only in small part of academicians. As befits a system based on a personal relationship of mentor and mentoree, they are for the most part practical exponents of the arts rather than theoreticians.

Cal Arts, as it has inevitably come to be called (few refer to it as CIA), has a number of celebrated forebears in the area of cross-fertilization of the arts. Two of the most notable are the Bauhaus, created in Weimar fifty-three years ago under the leadership of architect Walter Gropius, and Black Mountain College in Buncombe County, North Carolina, whose guiding spirit was John Andrews Rice. The Bauhaus, as the name suggests, was meant for those who built, in all aspects. Black Mountain brought together a group of perhaps thirty students and teachers whose interests centered on art, music, dramatics, and philosophy. Still, it would take both together, and many other specialized institutions as well, to approach the wide range of possibilities contained within what the Germans might term *das Mickimaushaus*.

That nickname is not altogether frivolous. For Cal Arts' future, as well as its past, is deeply entwined with the immortal rodent whose creation sparked all of Walt Disney's subse-

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quent flights of fancy and from whose worldwide popularity flowed the springs of his fortune. A danger flag appeared to me many months ago when, in one of my periodic investigations of Cal Arts since the project was first announced, I visited in Los Angeles with President Robert Corrigan, former dean of Temple University's School of Arts. He mentioned that some members of the faculty were upset that Mickey Mouse had been mentioned in recent publicity releases about the school. As I recall his words, he complained that, in their view, such identification was everything from downgrading to undignified. In other words, something of which to be ashamed.

My answer, as I remember, was: "Tell those guys that Mickey Mouse is better known than anything most of them have produced, and they will be lucky if some brainchild of theirs endures as long."

What disturbed me about this conversation was the feeling that humility was not among the attributes that had been passed on to Disney's beneficiaries. How a chastening might come about—if, indeed, it would—was unknown to me then. But I was firmly convinced that it had to. There is also the danger that the larger the resources the greater the self-satisfaction. Or as President Corrigan remarked during our most recent get-together, some of the more serious-minded members of the faculty were beginning to wonder whether "having all that dough," as he phrased it, had not made the situation worse rather than better. In any case, nothing can be created without false starts, miscalculations, and blind alleys mistaken for high roads to opportunity. The real question is when do the starting up mistakes and overconfidence give way to sound policies, well administered. Earl Gottschalk's report on the institute's first year and a half (see the following pages) points to some conclusions.

It is, of course, a complication that Cal Arts has elected to make itself a "community of the arts." It has addressed itself to filling the need for young people to work beside others with different disciplines; they may not learn to achieve together, but they

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Under the guidance of their own mentors, students pursue the emotions of the drama, the complexities of electronic music, and the muscular disciplines of the dance. Student-directed films are one form of self-expression that interrelates the disparate arts in mutual learning.

may better understand how to achieve on their own.

This proposition has something to be said for it, and not a little against it. Mastery of one's own discipline can be a lifework. As Sergei Rachmaninoff said: "Music can be enough for a lifetime, but a lifetime is not enough for music." He demonstrated the pith of his statement by making his mark as both a virtuoso pianist and a composer, but putting aside the temptation to pursue a highly promising career as a conductor because it got in the way of his other involvements. On the other hand, Richard Wagner was a one-man "community of the arts." He not only wrote the texts for his mammoth music-dramas but designed the theater at Bayreuth where they came to be best performed, outlined the décor carried out by specialists, and directed the stage action; he usually left the conducting to others.

Thus there are as many paths to fulfillment as there are gifted individuals. If there are a few such individuals every year for whom Cal Arts makes the difference between achievement and nonachievement, its "name shall be wonderful." But those who are purposeful about bringing the arts together should remember that, like oil and vinegar, they do not mix readily. Some effort and some skill must be expended to bring about a new entity, even if it is only a salad dressing or, say, an amusing cartoon character like Mickey Mouse.

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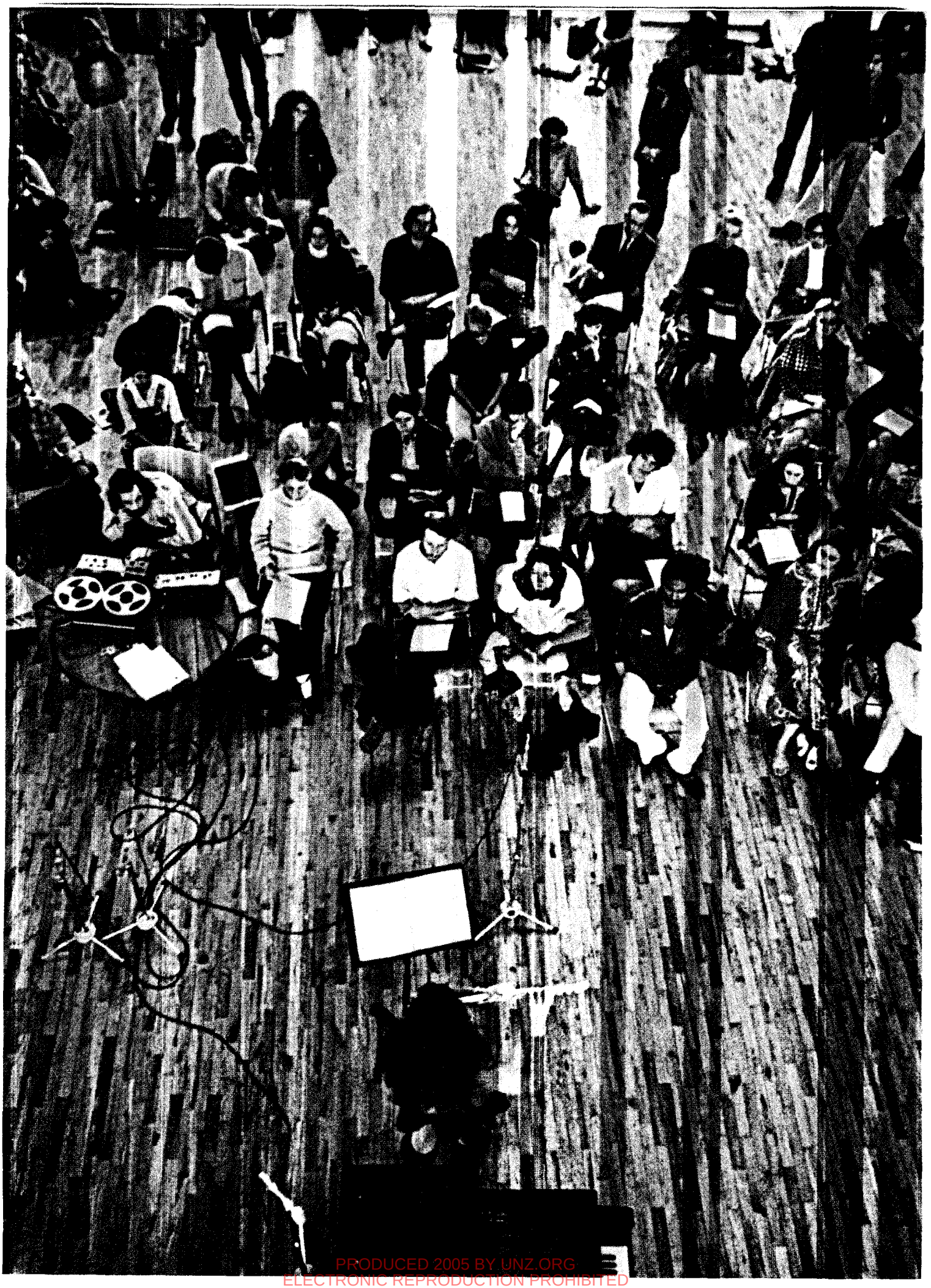

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ANIMATING DISNEY'S DREAM

BY EARL C. GOTTSCHALK, JR.

Walt Disney was a Midwestern entrepreneur with great will and drive who revolutionized the animation business by adding the elements of sound. He built a leisure-time empire by transforming the traditionally tawdry amusement park into a setting suitable for the whole family. He was a visionary who saw an experimental city of tomorrow rising out of the swampland he purchased in central Florida which is now called Disney World. But Walt Disney made no pretense whatever about being either an artist or an intellectual.

By what seems to be a paradox, he left almost half of his huge estate to found a community of the performing arts—an institute where students would come as artists to learn from other accomplished artists in a less structured format than the university or the conservatory. His heirs carried through his wishes, and thus was born the California Institute of the Arts. It is the most radical large-scale experiment in the history of the creative arts, a school where musicians, filmmakers, dancers, actors, painters, sculptors, and designers interact and collaborate as a part of their training.

"Here we are, creating a highly elitist school, when the central concern of most institutions is how to provide education for everybody," said Dr. Robert Corrigan, Cal Arts' president, in his first address to the institute's new faculty. "Here we are, trying to evolve highly participatory forms of governance with a group of people who, by their very nature, tend to be prima donnas. Here we are, establishing professional schools in each of the arts which will require the most rigorous kind of discipline, and at the same time we are committed to an idea of interaction between the arts which may very likely blur, if not break down, those same disciplines."

"The main thoroughfare of the building through which all students pass is a huge gallery." Here it is being used as an impromptu concert hall, with students of all subjects invited to participate in the work of a music specialist. Guitar ranks high among instruments favored at Cal Arts.

One-and-a-half years after Cal Arts opened in temporary quarters in a converted convent in Burbank and ten years after the articles of incorporation were filed, Walt Disney's dream has come true on the institute's new campus in Valencia. There, thirty-five miles north of Los Angeles, in a maze-like complex of workshops, galleries, studios, and stages designed in an architectural style criticized as "Southern California Motel Modern," 785 students and a distinguished faculty are at work.

Cal Arts' premise of interdependency is inherent in the architecture of its massive building, nicknamed by students "the magic mausoleum." The main thoroughfare of the building through which all students pass is a huge art gallery. The music practice rooms are across the hall from photography workshops. Dance students pass through sculpture studios on their way to class.

The facilities and the setting are unequaled. The campus is located in a valley surrounded by barren, golden hills, remote from the smog and congestion of Los Angeles. From every window in the school, there is a view of the mountains, as yet uncluttered by tiers of tract housing.

To understand Cal Arts' accomplishments and problems, it is necessary to examine the ambiguity and contradiction surrounding the institute from its very beginning. In 1955, the Chouinard Art Institute in Los Angeles, an art and design school attended by many of the artists who worked at Walt Disney Productions, was beset by fiscal problems. Walt Disney was asked to rescue the school from financial collapse. He revived the institute by an infusion of money and new management and began to envision Chouinard as part of a "city of the arts," a complex where students, teachers, and the audience would come together for their work in a total community of the arts. The idea was vague, but he commissioned Economics Research Associates, the firm that did the feasibility study for Disneyland, to do a similar study for a city of the arts.

About the same time, the Los Angeles Conservatory of Music, founded in 1883, had also fallen into financial difficulties. Under the urging of Los Angeles philanthropist Mrs. Richard Von Hagen, the Chouinard and Conservatory teams joined forces and decided to build a community for the arts—an environment for education in the arts similar to that developed at the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena for the sciences. In 1961 the California Institute of the Arts was incorporated.

On December 15, 1966, Walt Disney died, but his heirs, friends, and associates continued the idea of Cal Arts, and 300 acres of land was purchased from the Newhall Land & Farming Company for $300,000 in the new city of Valencia. For its part, Newhall Land donated another 300 acres to the school. Corrigan, dean of the School of the Arts and professor of dramatic literature at New York University, was appointed president and chief administrative officer; and Dr. Herbert Blau, codirector of The Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center and cofounder of the Actor's Workshop of San Francisco, was named provost and dean of the School of Theater and Dance.

Backed by the trustees, Corrigan and Blau began a hunt for the most talented and exciting artist-teachers. Blau says he warned the trustees at the time that some of these talented individuals were likely to have radical political views and life-styles.

By September 1970, the faculty and students were assembled, but the new campus at Valencia was not ready. So the institute leased the Villa Cabrini in Burbank, formerly a Catholic girls' school. Classes started chaotically in the makeshift quarters. In November the fledgling school was dealt a serious blow. The big 1970 Los Angeles earthquake severely damaged six of the nine buildings of Villa Cabrini, and some classes had to be held in empty aircraft hangars at Lockheed Aircraft Corporation.

The fragile relationship between the trustees and the administration and faculty was also affected. The insti-

Earl C. Gottschalk, Jr., is a Los Angeles-based reporter regularly covering Hollywood and the performing arts.

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tute's School of Critical Studies, whose assigned objective was to study the interplay between the arts and society, shocked the trustees by hiring the Marxist philosopher and idol of the New Left Herbert Marcuse. When the trustees nullified Marcuse's contract, sociologist Maurice Stein, dean of the School of Critical Studies (formerly of Brandeis), resigned. Harrison A. Price, chairman of the Cal Arts trustees and a longtime associate of Walt Disney, believes the Marcuse flap seriously impaired the school's fund-raising efforts and left the Disney family all alone to provide financial support for the school. "What's a new school, supposedly good in art, doing playing around with Marcuse?" Price asks. "Above all, a school founded by Disney people. Our credibility was destroyed."

The Marcuse controversy was only the beginning. The Disney family kept hearing reports of drugs on campus, of erotic posters making fun of the Disney legacy, and of nude faculty-student swimming in the Villa Cabrini pool. Blau and Corrigan had worked out a complex system of participatory democracy in which students, faculty, and trustees sat on every committee of governance. So a committee meeting was held on whether to shut down the swimming pool. At that now famous meeting, with the trustees present, a young faculty member stripped to the buff in symbolic protest. The trustees ordered the nude protestor fired but Blau refused.

The Disney family began to lose confidence in the administration. Fearful for their investment, they insisted that control of the institute be given to someone who knew what he was doing. In search of more businesslike management, the trustees fired Blau from his position as both provost and dean of the theater school. "It was a symbolic beheading," says one trustee. But since the firing was done without a hearing, it violated university procedure. Corrigan, the faculty, and the students protested vehemently and the school became embroiled in politics rather than art. One member of the School of Design faculty created a new parlor game called "The Resign School Game—or Dean for a Day," which incidentally, Price has on his wall.

Stung by the uproar, the trustees offered to let Blau return as dean of the theater school. He refused. Later, he told the Los Angeles *Times*: "There were fools on both sides and some of the fools had money . . . but [the Disneys] shouldn't take the entire rap. They went into this operation generously but with all kinds of suppressed alarms, and there were people among us who prematurely put their finger on the alarm button. You can't ignore the paranoia of the radical Left in this. We had brought out a lot of very gifted and very suspicious people to whom the Disney name was talismanic in a negative way. Some of the people experimenting with the more idiot ends of the new life-style insisted on running tests on the Disneys instead of doing the work they were supposed to do."

After the Blau crisis, the Disney family went to the University of Southern California and Pepperdine University in an attempt to persuade one or the other to merge with Cal Arts. Negotiations floundered over the size of the Disney gift accompanying the institute.

Finally, seventy-eight-year-old Roy O. Disney (who died in December) told the younger members of the Disney family that either they had to become more involved in Cal Arts or the institute would have to be managed by a different educational institution. After some discussion, the younger members of the Disney family decided to maintain Cal Arts as an independent institution. Then rounds of meetings among trustees, faculty, and students took place. On their new $28-million campus, both sides decided to compromise rather than destroy their opportunity.

It turned out that the faculty and the businessmen-trustees were able to see beyond their conflicting life-styles. At a mass meeting of trustees, faculty, and students, the young faculty member who conducted the nude protest even apologized, saying he hadn't realized how many squares there were in the world but that from now on he would take them into consideration.

Cal Arts is structured around projects or individual work under faculty guidance. There is no fixed curriculum. Instead of grades, the student prepares an experience report on what he did and how he progressed in his art; the report is validated and signed by his mentor. To be admitted to the institute, a student does not submit a transcript of his past marks but is auditioned before artists in his field. Student housing also carries through the art concept. In the dormitory, each student gets a kit of materials from which to design his furniture.

Has Cal Arts' premise of interaction among the arts worked out in practice? Has the institute in fact lived up to its hopes?

Dan Grant, a student in the film school from Van Nuys, California, went to Cal Arts after a year in the art department at San Fernando State College. Dan applied to Cal Arts because the place "sounded like nirvana" and he wanted to get out of the crowded state college system. He says some aspects of Cal Arts have lived up to expectations and some have not.

The facilities in the film school are "excellent," Grant says, and the interaction among the arts has worked in his case (it must be noted that a filmmaker has perhaps the best opportunity to make use of several art forms). Grant choreographed his own film about modern dance, entitled *Kooshe*, in collaboration with the School of Dance. Grant held auditions for five dancers and used the dance school's performing areas. "It worked quite well," he says. In his current film, a period piece about the 1930s, he plans

"New York is the commercial capital of the arts, but the West Coast is the creative capital," says Cal Arts President Corrigan.

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to utilize musicians from the School of Music, actors from the School of Theater, and consultants from the School of Design.

According to Grant, teaching in the film school has ranged from excellent (he puts Dean Alexander Mackendrick in that category) to mediocre. "But the Cal Arts dream of a true community of the arts has not come true for him. People here are friendly in a superficial way, but it seems to be very difficult to make friends. Almost everyone I've talked to says that he had more friends back where he came from. A lot of people have defined artists as individualists or introverts. What we have here, I suppose then, is a large group of introverts. It's kind of a lonely existence out here. I guess that would be my chief grievance. All in all," he adds, "not a hell of a lot has to come out of here in the way of artistic product. But art takes time. America desperately needs a school like this as an alternative to the present educational system that's not working."

Composer Mel Powell, dean of the music school, says: "We are attempting to meet head on the fact that institutional education in the arts has not done well. We are attempting, for the first time, to have an institution subject itself to the individual rhythm of the students rather than vice versa. At Yale, Harvard, or Stanford, the very idea of a musician running into someone from a different department is exotic. Here it's a part of everyday life."

In the school, students have the opportunity to learn and perform the music of other cultures. Interaction was not forced, but happened by itself, says Powell. "One saw a South Indian learning Mozart. Or a Brahms cellist learning the intricate rhythms of Africa. Or a composer of electronic music—the cutting edge of the avant-garde—developing proficiency in Balinese music." And this is not simply an intellectual exercise, insists Powell. "It actually made the cellist a better interpreter of Brahms." This is largely unheard of in the world of music, notes Powell, where training is extremely narrow and provincial. He says: "I have tried to construct a music school where I myself would enjoy being a student. Give this place ten years, and then see what has resulted."

The significance of Cal Arts? "Remember," says Powell, "about ten years ago or so when the kids were all rolling into science? They're now rolling into the arts at the same speed. We are at the point where bright, sensitive young people are not going into computer programing unless the computer can produce a beautiful thing."

Educational institutions are dying, Powell says. "The kid now doesn't want to go to Harvard Business School.

An institution that is subjecting itself to the individual rhythm of its students rather than vice versa.

There is a questioning of purpose and motive going on. At Cal Arts, we're at the battle lines of all the key questions in institutional education. We could be a model of how institutional education can be transformed."

Corrigan acknowledges that Cal Arts has made some mistakes. In particular, the program was too unstructured for new students who found the freedom bewildering. That aspect of the Cal Arts education has been amended. The avant-garde participatory democracy system of government has been modified into a more workable system with legislative, executive, and judicial branches rather than exclusively trustee-faculty-student committees. Also in the first year, says Corrigan, some faculty members took an "exploitative" attitude about the institute and were more interested in doing their own work than in teaching the students. So this year more artists were hired who were genuinely interested in teaching. The system of experience reports has been tightened and thus now is to be taken more seriously, Corrigan says.

The financial future of the Cal Arts experiment? E. Curzon Fager, director of development, says the institute will be running an annual deficit of between $1-million and $1.3-million. This must be met by contributions. "About twenty to twenty-five per cent of our total expenditures must come from fund raising," says Fager. "That's not a bright picture, but we're reasonably optimistic. Most private schools are in worse shape."

Since the incorporation of the school in 1961, the Disneys—through the estate of Walt Disney, the Walt Disney Foundation, and other family members—have given about $30-million to the school, according to Fager. The institute has received $4-million in federal government grants, $6-million in long-term loans, and $2.5-million in donations from the public, including $250,000 from employees of Walt Disney Productions. One of every three Disney employees contributed to the institute, and the average gift was more than $100. Cal Arts is now soliciting major support from large foundations such as Rockefeller and Ford. A fund-raising drive is also being carried on among the general public.

After only a year-and-a-half, it is difficult to judge the level of work being done at a new school. The trustees are pleased, says board chairman Price, and Corrigan calls the level of accomplishment "remarkably high." In music, it is "equal to Juilliard, Eastman, and Curtis," he says. In the theater, it is "rich and exciting, similar in quality to NYU, Yale, and Carnegie Tech." Two of the three top prizes in the Los Angeles County Museum of Arts exhibit of young artists were won by Cal Arts students. The dance troupe won high praise from critics gathered at the annual dance festival at Connecticut College.

In 1965, recalls Corrigan, the Rockefeller panel on the performing arts said it was imperative to improve professional training in the United States. In addition, the report complained, virtually all professional schools were part of an East Coast establishment. Cal Arts was created to correct that situation, says Corrigan. "New York is the commercial capital of the arts, but the West Coast is the creative art capital," he says. "I believe the world is shifting from an East Coast-New York-Europe axis to a West Coast-Asian axis." If so, the magic mausoleum may well be its fulcrum. □

Language into Dance

The California Institute of the Arts is essentially a collection of tools and equipment for the act of making things. The various schools possess their own tools. In the dance school, each student brings his or her own tool, a body in motion, into the studio. Most of the work done—twenty-six hours a week in technique, design, improvisation, and repertory classes—is a constant coming to know the body in its environments. And around this structure of classes the dance students move their own energies, working on private and group projects.

My own interest is writing. At times I wish I could go into a large studio where people are doing verbal pliés and pirouettes and work on my linguistic turnout. But my work is more private than the work done in the dance school, though I am concerned with many of the issues I see so clearly in dance: that the body of my writing be centered in itself, that it know its limits and extensions, front and back, that the contours of my language develop and animate themselves. As Lynda Davis, a faculty member in dance, would say, the issue is to try to make my words "learn to move in knowledge."

Ken Rose, student, Cal Arts

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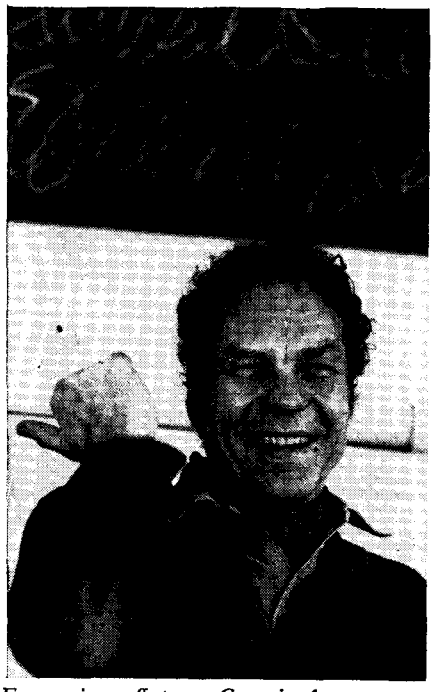
A KIND OF ANARCHY

BY CALVIN TOMKINS

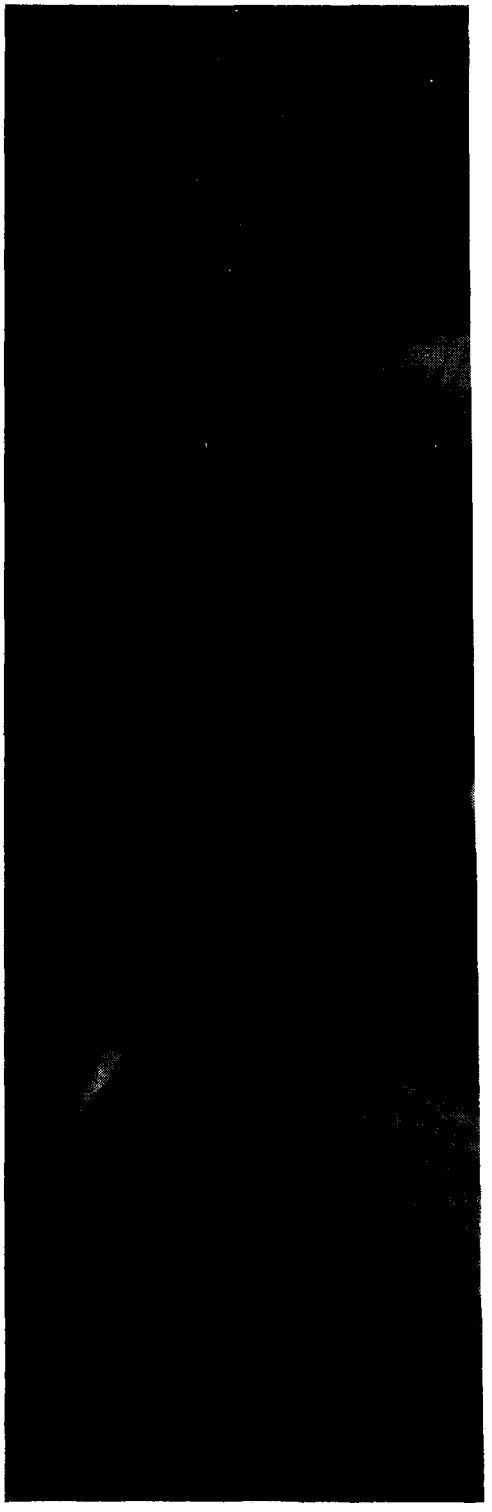


Easygoing offstage, Cunningham is consummately concentrated while performing. In rehearsal with Valda Setterfield (right), the mental and physical demands of his sort of onstage freedom are evident.

When an artist who has been revered for twenty years within a small and dedicated circle achieves, rather suddenly and with no relaxation of his own esthetic standards, a much larger following and a reputation as one of the cultural glories of an inglorious era, it is reasonable to assume that something has happened to his audience. At the New York premiere of his *Variations V* in 1965, Merce Cunningham and his dance company were still "difficult" enough to send half the fashionable audience scurrying for the exits of Philharmonic Hall. Two years later, when the company was booked on relatively short notice to perform at the fading old Brooklyn Academy of Music, a sold-out house responded with such joyous enthusiasm to his program that the academy's manager subsequently decided to inaugurate a full season of dance and invited Cunningham's troupe to become a resident company there. What had happened? In Brooklyn, it was noted, the audience that came to see Cunningham was a surprisingly youthful one. The implication was that a whole new generation had discovered his work and found it immediately comprehensible in their own terms.

What is it that the young—and a growing number of older enthusiasts as well—find so compelling in the work of this "sea-green incorruptible avant-gardist," as critic Clive Barnes has called him? Cunningham himself finds it difficult to describe the particular quality of his form of dance. "I suppose it is *different*," he said the other day, "because when I go and look at someone else's work I always feel, well, yes, what we do is not like that. But I'm never sure just what it is that we *do* do!" Cunningham once said, however, that his primary concern has always been with human activity, ordinary gesture, "making continuity out of human gesture"; that his work is "predicated on the notion of individuals moving and coming together." Not heroes, not emotions or states of mind, but *individuals*.

One of the pleasures of watching this remarkable company, which in its present composition numbers twelve dancers (six women and six men) including Cunningham, is that each member is to some degree a soloist, a dancer whose training and development is concentrated on the projection of a unique, personal style. Carolyn Brown, who has been with Cunningham since 1953 and whom several critics rank among the finest dancers at work today in any company, is an elegant perfectionist, a magnificently secure and intelligent dancer who can make the whole shape of a complex phrase immediately and brilliantly apparent; Sandra Neels, long-legged and intense, has a softer, more supple quality that makes her seem, at moments, touchingly alone onstage. Each of the others, once seen, is immediately recognizable on reappearance. Cunningham, whose agile, quirky, offhand grace is probably inimitable



Calvin Tomkins, a staff writer for *The New Yorker*, often reports on the activities of the cultural avant-garde.

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Merce Cunningham and troupe are "as complex, as unpredictable, as fitfully beautiful as life itself."

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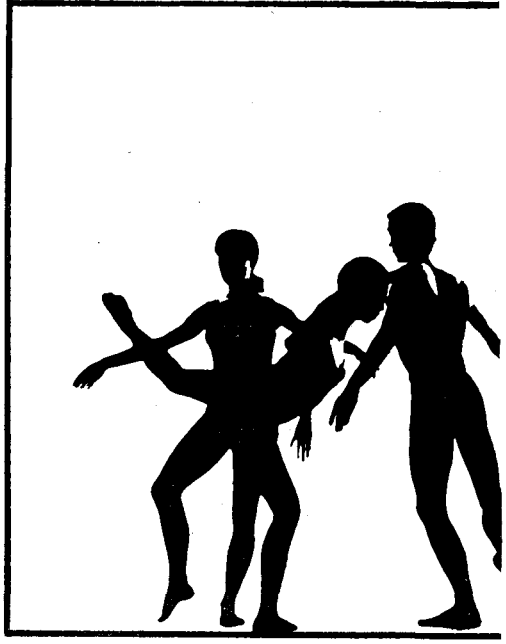
The use of chance in composition has been "a mode of freeing the imagination from its own clichés."

For almost thirty years, composer John Cage (left) has worked with Cunningham, traveling with the company since its creation in 1953. Cage's scores have ranged from the extreme and amusing simplicity of reading stories aloud on stage as the sole accompaniment for How to Pass, Kick, Fall and Run, *to the complexity of* Variations V. *In* Variations, *films, slides, and onstage sensors connected to musical equipment in the pit are all involved. Dancers trigger the sensors with their movements —a case of choreography "performing" a score. Cunningham never tells his audience what a dance "means" and even his dancers (above, Sandra Neels and Chase Robinson) get no clues. The substitute for "meaning" is the kind of visual impact so evident in the silhouetted stills at right. Taken from a 1968 film, the images testify to Cunningham's rejection of traditional stage focus.*



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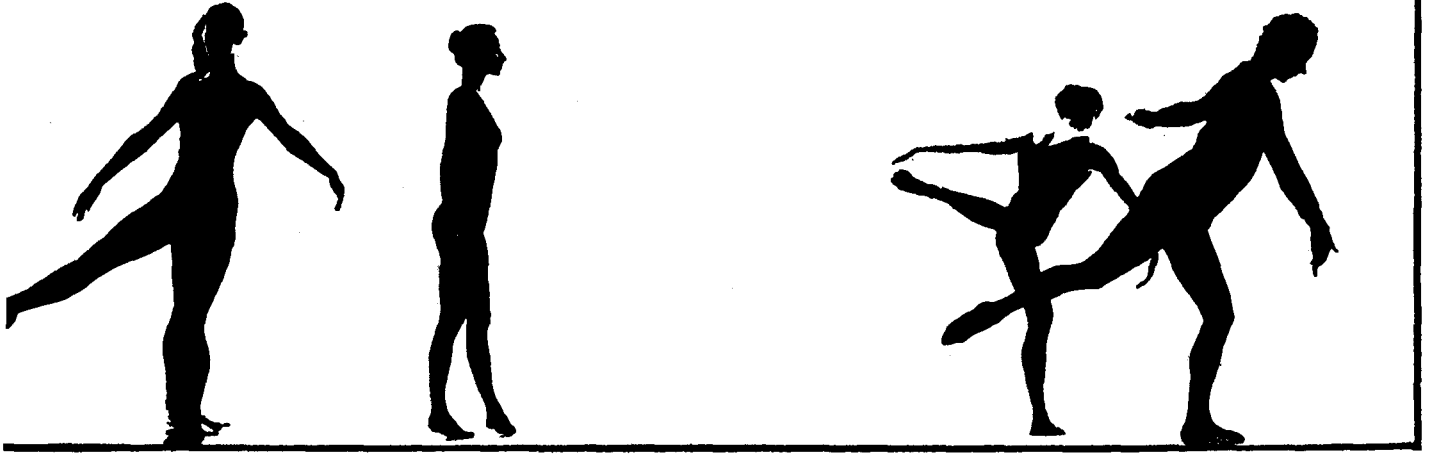

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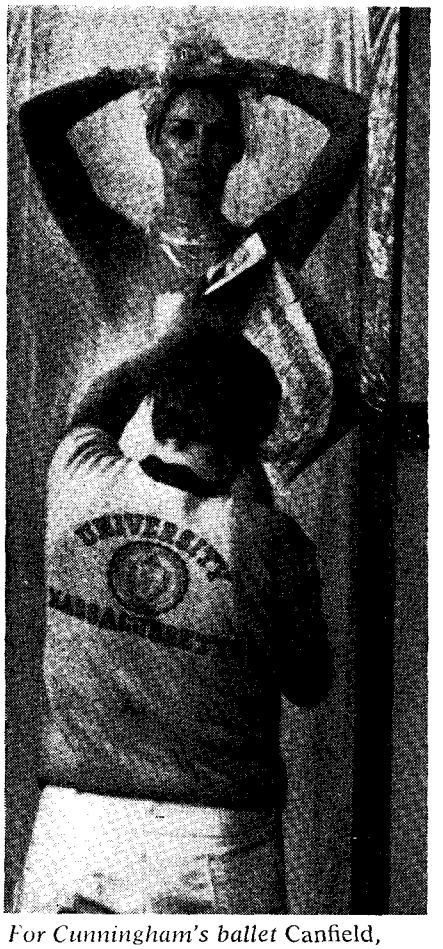
anyway, has often said that he "does not want everybody to dance like me."

Watching these supremely concentrated dancers is an experience unlike anything else in the field of dance. The effect, as the composer John Cage once wrote, is "to introduce an audience, not to a specialized world of art, but to the open, unpredictably changing world of everyday living," and it is this world that all the Cunningham dances, in all their astonishing variousness, have always inhabited. Individuals moving and coming together. "If you have three days to make a duet," Cunningham said, referring to the origin of his *Night Wandering* in Stockholm in 1958, "do you worry about ideas, or do you make a dance involving two people, a man and a woman, together?"

To reach his own form of movement, Cunningham drew heavily from the two predominant (and at that time opposed) fountainheads of American dance. From Martha Graham, in whose company he was a featured soloist from 1940 to 1945, he took the contraction-and-release technique of body articulation and expanded it laterally, to create a large, space-filling kind of movement whose base is the dancer's strong and flexible spine. In those early years Cunningham also studied, and later taught, at Balanchine's School of American Ballet. What he took from Balanchine was ballet's speed, grace, and athleticism, without the rigidity of ballet's formal positions.

Cunningham's own innovations and negations carried him far beyond a mere synthesis of the two schools. He jettisoned, first, all vestiges of storytelling and psychology—the aspect of Graham's choreography that bothered him the most (the aspect that Balanchine himself threw out of his contemporary ballets). A Cunningham dance has nothing to "say"; it presents dancers, individuals, moving on a stage in patterns that do not transpose them into anything less, or more, than human beings whose means of expression are the body. What was far more disturbing, Cunningham also jettisoned the dance's reliance on music. From the start of their association in 1944, Cunningham and John Cage, the company's musical director, have proceeded on the assumption that the dance and its score should be separate events taking place within the same moment of time. Often, the dancers do not even hear the score of a new work until they perform it in public. "The result is that the dance is free to act as it chooses, as is the music," Cunningham wrote. "The music doesn't have to work itself to death trying to underline the dance, or the dance create havoc in trying to be as flashy as the music." To the end of more freedom of individual expression.

The most misunderstood of all Cunningham's innovations is his use of chance methods. Since 1951, Cunningham has occasionally tossed coins to determine the sequence, duration, and spatial direction of various movements within a dance—movements that he has determined in advance—or to decide the order of a dance's several parts. In his 1963 *Field Dances*, Cunningham went further; he devised for each dancer a series of relatively simple movements that he could perform as he chose and in his own time, leaving and entering the stage on his own initiative. Just as the use of chance methods in composition was a "mode of freeing the imagination from its own clichés," the "indeterminate," element performance was designed to give the dancers freedom and to unlock their imaginations. "It's a kind of anarchy," Cunningham once said, "where people may work freely together."



For Cunningham's ballet Canfield, *the painter Jasper Johns designed the costumes—and personally put finishing touches on Carolyn Brown's outfit.*

This kind of anarchy has been carried further still by the new dance avant-garde, most of whose members are former Cunningham students or performers, and all of whom take as their starting point the Cunningham idea that any movement—walking, sitting down, picking up a match—can become part of a dance. Interestingly, Cunningham himself has tended lately to pull back from the exercise of too much freedom on the part of the dancers. Dance is so demanding, physically and emotionally, that fatigue sometimes blocks the imagination. "The trouble is that we all tend to fall back on our habits," Cunningham has said, "and when you're tired, you're likely to do the easy thing." His recent work is as thoroughly choreographed as anything by Balanchine or Robbins, and his dancers, whose uncanny physical interrelatedness on stage provides the cues that the music does not, have many passages of unison movement that they perform with exact timing and classical precision. Cunningham has never ceased to alter his choreographic means whenever it suited him, however, and it may be that chance, indeterminacy, and other methods of getting beyond personal taste and habit will re-enter his work in the future.

Some of the newer dances seem to sustain a single mood throughout—*Rainforest*, for example, with its exotic and sensual texture and its floating silver pillows designed by Andy Warhol, or the deliciously high-spirited *How to Pass, Kick, Fall and Run*, which has the feeling of a circus or a comic track meet. Others, such as *Place, Walkaround Time*, and *Second Hand*, present a shifting kaleidoscope of mood and atmosphere—violence and destruction, complex human relationships, the sheer animal joy of being alive. Cunningham's theater is a rehearsal of the human situation in the real world, with all its bewildering and often threatening diversity intact. To that end his dancers remain individuals, moving with great naturalness in an atmosphere as complex, as unpredictable, and as fitfully beautiful as life itself.

No wonder the young respond. At the moment, Cunningham is finishing a new dance that he has been working on since last summer. It will run for just under an hour, but there is no title yet, and no score, and the dancers know only that it will be divided into four parts, each of which can be performed separately or in any combination that Cunningham decides upon for the occasion. The new piece will have its premiere next month when the company presents its annual two-week season at the much-revivified Brooklyn Academy. For the anarchic young—who knows?—it may even turn out to have a specific meaning. Cunningham once said, "If the dancer dances—which is not the same as having theories about dancing or wishing to dance or trying to dance or remembering in his body someone else's dance—but if the dancer *dances*, everything is there. The meaning is there, if that's what you want." □

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THE MASCULINE WILDERNESS OF THE AMERICAN NOVEL

BY CAROLYN HEILBRUN

James Dickey achieved for the American novel its apotheosis of manliness. *Deliverance* captures in marvelously readable form the quintessential male fantasy. It is the latest in a series of fictional escapes into the "territory" where women do not go, where civilization cannot reach, where men hunt one another like animals and hunt animals for sport. Whatever Dickey's intention, his achievement is one more version—dare we hope it is the last?—of what Leslie Fiedler identified for us more than a decade ago in *Death and Love in the American Novel*: the woman-despising American dream. Dickey's only addition is sexual gymnastics. In *Deliverance*, we finally reach the moment for which a hundred years of the novel of masculinity have been preparing us. Out in the "territory," beyond the bounds of culture, the men rape each other. This innovation, however, is barely remarkable, sexual assault being as mandatory in today's fiction as it was forbidden in the day of Dickey's precursors: Melville, Fenimore Cooper, and Mark Twain.

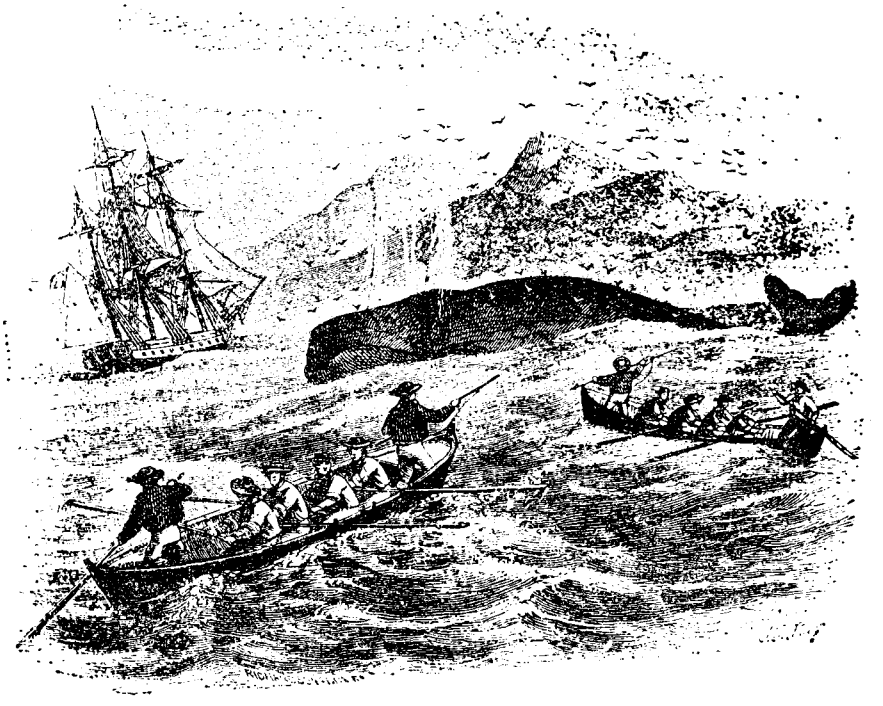
With the wonderful accuracy of chance, Dickey's novel appeared in the centennial year of Charles Dickens's death—the similarity of their names making the coincidence resound as in a divine pun. For if Dickey's *Deliverance* is the ultimate version of the male-fantasy novel that forms the mainstream of U.S. fiction, Dickens's works are exceptional among non-American novels precisely in their similar refusal to allow full humanity to women. The male-fantasy novel of America and the novels of Dickens are alike in that they are profoundly anti-androgynous.

Androgyny—from *andros* (male) and *gyne* (female)—is an ideal which allows full humanity to a human being without confining him within the conventional expectations for his sex. Coleridge told us more than a century ago that "a great mind must be androgynous," and the androgyny of most artists has frequently been commented upon. The ideal of androgyny, which does not address itself to the particular sexuality of individuals, desires for them many choices along the whole spectrum of experience. Seeking to free men from the compulsion to violence and women from the compulsion to submission, the androgynous ideal imagines for each human being the fulfillment of his unique destiny and also a less violent future for the world. Where novelists such as Dickey and Dickens deny humanity to women and, by extension, to the feminine impulses in all human beings, they lock us still more firmly not only into our prisons of gender, but also into a world that is now fatally dominated by the male-fantasy ideal.

It is not surprising to discover that the truth about the absence of living women in Dickens's novels has been ignored by his most renowned American critics. In the centennial year, the English novelist Angus Wilson alone managed to point out that in Dickens's novels, whether he is portraying "woman scorned and dangerous, woman the wise counselor and thrifty housekeeper, or—most extraordinary and yet more distorting—half-girl, half-angel, who by her purity and love keeps clear Man's Path to Heaven, we have nothing that gives women the true dignity of a whole body and a whole mind."

This denial of humanity to half of the race is majestically ignored by major American critics, such as Lionel Trilling, who place Dickens's works at the center of the tradition of the novel. Such a construction is surely misguided, since the novel, outside of the America James fled, has been the form

> In American fiction there is a territory "where women do not go...where men hunt one another like animals and hunt animals for sport."



Hunt from "Moby Dick"—a typically all-male adventure.

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most expressive of the hidden, denied, and civilizing androgynous impulse—the impulse away from the polarization of the sexes and toward passion and delight in their unity. Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter* stands isolated as the one classic American novel that is not a fantasy of two or more men fleeing women, borne by natural forces down some river toward deliverance.

Perhaps, one might argue, since America was a new country whose entire being had to be wrested from the wilderness, it was natural that the American fantasy should be one of adventure and exploration. Perhaps this tradition is as natural as was our continent when it "flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes—a fresh, green breast of the new world," as F. Scott Fitzgerald described it, perhaps as inevitable as the romantic tradition that metamorphosed misfits and corrupt sheriffs into the heroes of our Westerns.

Likelier, however, is the explanation that the American novel is a reflection of the nation's ancient and profound separation of the sexes and its admiration for the manliest virtues—a nation where tackle football is the favorite sport and Calley is a hero defended by the President. In this century, the separation of the sexes in America was encouraged by, and reciprocally reinforced by, a devotion beyond that in any other country to Freudian psychoanalysis and the myth of woman's biologically determined inferior destiny. The Freudian myth in its turn shaped the views of our major critics and,

"American novels are not in the mainstream; they are outside it, turning away from fully human women whom the great non-American novels have seen as a redeeming force. ...Becky Sharpe, Jane Eyre, Madame Bovary, Anna Karenina..."

Tolstoy's bold and vivid Anna Karenina.

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through their vision of our culture, pressed its influence upon the modern American novel. Here, for example, is Lionel Trilling.

Women in fiction only rarely have the peculiar reality of the moral life that self-love bestows. Most commonly they exist in a moon-like way, shining by the reflected moral life of men. They are "convincing" or "real" and sometimes "delightful," but they seldom exist as men exist—as genuine moral destinies. We do not take note of this; we are so used to the reflected quality that we do not observe it. . . . Nor can we say that novels are deficient in realism when they present women as they do: it is the presumption of our society that women's moral life is not as men's. No change in the modern theory of the sexes, no advance in status

In Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter," Hester Prynne knows her own value. But she is an outstanding exception in the history of American fiction.

that women have made, has yet contradicted this. The self-love that we do countenance in women is of a limited and passive kind, and we are troubled if it is as assertive as the self-love of men is permitted, and expected, to be. Not men alone, but women as well, insist on this limitation, imposing the requirement the more effectually because they are not conscious of it.

Were this a proclamation directed specifically at the American novel, we could scarcely gainsay it. Whether he were describing the early "romances" or the Bellow-Malamud-Roth-Mailer-Dickey novel of more recent times, or the Hemingway-Fitzgerald-type novel that came between these groups, the truth of Trilling's description would be accurate if regrettable. But he is speaking here not of the American novel alone, but of the English novel, of the European novel in general, and his American male bias has led him to this extraordinary statement. His remark appears, interestingly enough, in an essay on a work by Jane Austen, where, to recognize the moral dynamics of the central character, he was forced to declare her an exception. As he himself might put it, women lack thrust.

But are Jane Austen's characters exceptions? Do women in fiction only rarely have the peculiar reality of the moral life that self-love bestows? In search of an answer to that question, consider the passage from Trilling's brilliant essay on James's *The Princess Casamassima* in which he describes a particular kind of modern hero: the young man from the provinces.

He need not come from the provinces in literal fact, his social class may constitute his province. But a provincial birth and rearing suggest the simplicity and the high hopes he begins with—he starts with a great demand upon life and a great wonder about its complexity and promise. He may be of good family but he must be poor. He is intelligent, or at least aware, but not at all shrewd in worldly matters. He must have acquired a certain amount of education, should have learned something about life from books, although not the truth.

Sadly, Trilling never considers that one of the provinces of which he speaks is womanhood.

Women do not have their being within Trilling's moral universe, and the modern American novel, like much criticism today—*The New York Review of Books, Harper's, Commentary, The New York Times Book Review*—exists to a large extent in the wake of Trilling's teachings. He is like Matthew Arnold in knowing the importance of criticism, like Arnold in embodying that significance in his own impressive work. The more regrettable, therefore, that Trilling should have taken over from that other master, Freud, the crippling vision of women as incomplete moral beings.

Dickens is *not* in the mainstream of the novel, and it is questionable whether any but the American critics could have thought him so. Trilling sees Dickens, with Jane Austen, as one of the two greatest novelists in English. Great he is, but not morally great. Dickens is a master, second only to Shakespeare, in his creation of unique characterization, in his ear for speech, but the attempt to see his novels as high intellectual and moral achievements has been a strangely American endeavor. Edmund Wilson scolded the Bloomsbury Group for honoring Dostoevski above his "master" Dickens—an American scolding.

The mainstream of the novel runs elsewhere. The novel, like the drama, has more often than not found its greatness among women figures. We are hardly surprised to discover that an Englishman, and no American, made the point that from its earliest days the theater has resounded with the names of its great women characters. F. L. Lucas, the English critic, has written:

It remains a strange and almost inexplicable fact that in Athena's city, whose citizens subjected their womenfolk to severe restraints, the stage should yet have produced figures like Clytemnestra and Cassandra, Atossa and Antigone, Phaedra and Medea, and all the other heroines who dominate play after play of the "misogynist" Euripides. The influence and inspiration of Homer, whose whole world is far nearer to the North with its Brynhilds and its Valkyries, may count for much. . . . But the paradox of this world where in real life a respectable woman could hardly show her face alone in the street, and yet on the stage woman equals or surpasses man, has never been satisfactorily explained. In modern tragedy as a whole the same predominance exists. . . . A very cursory survey of Shakespeare's work . . . suffices to recall how this dominance, this initiative of women persists from Rosalind to Lady Macbeth. So too Racine; six of his tragedies bear their heroines' names. . . . So again with Ibsen; what men shall we match with Solveig and Nora, Hedda and Hilda Wangel and Rebecca West? Even that ruthless realist leaves his women with a touch of the heroic and the ideal.

As we look still further, beyond Ibsen's heroines to Shaw's, we recall Robert Louis Stevenson's comment: "I say, Archer, my God, what women!"

No one, certainly no American critic, has noticed that, even more than the drama, the novel is the great androgynous form, the embodiment of the peculiar human need to join the sexes in a shared destiny, whether through passion or work or conversation. The novel has cried out more than any other form against the polarization of the sexes, against the idealization of the manly virtues, against the fantasy or the actuality of a world of violence and aggression and the isolation of women from the moral sphere. Among the great novels outside America, from the beginnings to yesterday, women have either borne the moral burden, or shared it, or striven, through the self-love Trilling denies them, to the autonomous condition that might redeem the earth and society from "manly" exploitation. Fielding and Dickens and Hemingway and the post-World War II American novels are not in the mainstream; they are outside it, turning away from fully human women whom the great non-American novels have seen as a redeeming force.

Following Lucas—but with Trilling's words about women in fiction existing "in a moon-like way" still in our ears—we may name some female characters

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in European novels: Clarissa Harlowe (the heroine of Richardson's eighteenth-century novel that was to have a profound influence on all European fiction to follow), Becky Sharpe, Jane Eyre, Madame Bovary, Anna Karenina, Isabel Archer, Ursula Brangwin, Tess of the D'Urbervilles. Is there one among these without self-love? But these women are all European. American fiction is quite another matter. Has a great or famous American novel ever been named after its central female character? Has it ever had the word "woman" in its title? Even Scarlett O'Hara, that reincarnation of Becky Sharpe, was not named in the title. And when an American movie was made of *Anna Karenina* with Greta Garbo, it was called *Love*.

The rise of the novel in the eighteenth century almost exactly coincided with the decline of women among the social classes that were its public. Women lost much of their function in society and were relegated to being objects of either lust or admiration, the Eve and Mary figures of the Judeo-Christian tradition. Such a coincidence was probably not accidental; the novel seemed almost to strive for a reuniting of the sexes, for a fuller humanization of individuals within civilization. Everywhere outside of America, the feminine impulse came to be embodied in the novel, not in all novels but in most. Remarkably often in works by men, women characters served as metaphors for man's striving after full humanity. Great women characters also appeared in masterful novels by women writers. Four of the six major novelists in the nineteenth century in England were women: Jane Austen, Emily and Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot (Thackeray and Dickens are the other two). In modern times, great European novelists have tended, not only to be androgynous themselves, but also to produce androgynous protagonists: Marcel and Bloom, the creations of Proust and Joyce, are as womanly as they are manly, becoming artists of life.

America, alone among nations of high culture, has been in its novels as in its life the great celebrator of the "manly" virtues of aggressiveness and violence, the great relegator of women to a place outside the meaningful life. With all the current movements for women's rights, has much changed since J. B. Priestley's description of Texas, written in 1956?

I am convinced that good talk cannot flourish where there is a wide gulf between the sexes, where the men are altogether too masculine, too hearty and bluff and booming, where the women are too feminine, at once both too arch and too anxious. Where men are leavened by a feminine element, where women are not without some tempering by the masculine spirit, there is a chance of good talk. And if there cannot be a balance of the two eternal principles, then let the feminine principle have the domination. But here was a society entirely dominated by the masculine principle. Why were so many of these women at once so arch and so anxious? There was nothing wrong with them as women. Superficially everything seemed blazingly right with them. But even here in these circles, where millionaires apparently indulged and spoilt them, giving them without question or stint what women elsewhere were forever wistfully hoping for, they were haunted by a feeling of inferiority, resented but never properly examined and challenged. They lived in a world so contemptuous and destructive of real feminine values that they had to be heavily bribed to remain in it. All those shops, like the famous Neiman-Marcus store (a remarkable creation) here in Dallas, were part of the bribe. They were still girls in a mining camp. And to increase their bewilderment, perhaps their despair, they are told they are living in a matriarchy.

This is the universe reflected in the American novel and in American criticism. It is this world from which, indeed, we need deliverance. Why was Dickey's novel such a popular success? When we have noted that he tells a good story, that the book is readable and well-paced, full of adventure and the thrill of the hunt, we must also recognize that there is something more: Dickey has given us once again that damnable American dream, that polarized world that Priestley so well described.

Ed, the narrator in Dickey's novel, has sexual intercourse with his wife the night before he takes off on his adventure. Even as he enters her, he thinks of a model, a perfect sex object he had observed in a photographic studio that afternoon: The girl, modeling underpants, had been otherwise nude and fondling a kitten called, of course, a pussy. "The girl from the studio threw back her hair and clasped her breast, and in the center of Martha's heaving and expertly working back, the [girl's] gold eye shone, not with the practicality of sex, so necessary to its survival, but the promise of it that promised other things, another life, deliverance." Longing to be delivered from his wife, whom, to be sure, he honors, Ed longs either for the masculine adventure in the wilds or for the sex object with the pussy who, at the end of the novel, he still "would have liked to see . . . hold her breast once more, in a small place full of men."

When Ed has murdered a man in his wilderness adventure and is irritated with the way the head of the body lolls and jerks, the only equally irritating phenomenon he can dredge up is his partner's secretary's mouth, "and her tiresome, hectoring personality." This is perhaps the only emotional reference to a woman throughout the whole sequence in the wilderness. Ed has fled with his buddies into the world of the American movie fantasy where it's "either him or us," where the need to kill is conveniently unavoidable, where murder and violence and the homosexual rape he calls "a kind of love" are all that can be mustered up in opposition to the "long declining routine of our lives."

When the most muscle-rippling character among Dickey's crew has his thigh smashed, Ed touches it to assess the damage and notices that "against the back of my hand his penis stirred with pain." Thus, the most ironic touch in Dickey's book suggests that in the manly escape into the wilderness, even the phallic principle is wounded.

How long must we wait before American novelists and critics, with their true gift of vision, will look clearly at this terrible masculine ideal from which our lives so sorely need deliverance? □

In Dickens's novels, whether he is portraying "woman scorned and dangerous, woman the wise counselor and thrifty housekeeper... we have nothing that gives women the true dignity of a whole body and a whole mind."

Florence in Dickens's "Dombey and Son."

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RECORDINGS IN REVIEW

BY IRVING KOLODIN

John Ogdon, on Behalf Of Mennin, Yardumian

Mennin: *Concerto.* **Yardumian:** *Passacaglia, Recitatives and Fugue.* John Ogdon, piano; with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Igor Buketoff. RCA stereo, LSC 3243, $5.98.

Any composer who has John Ogdon as an interpreter is automatically assured of a plus factor of fifteen, at least, on the applause meter (this truism was demonstrated not long ago on Angel stereo, S-36805, $5.98, in which the composer so benefited was John Ogdon himself). To make the point even more clearly, Ogdon's extraordinary technique and musicanship benefit the Mennin Concerto no less than his control of contrapuntal patterns caters to the needs of Yardumian's totally different work.

At the first performance of the Mennin Concerto (February 1958), mention was made of the way in which the "pianistic figurations wound in and around the orchestral discussion like garlands on a Christmas tree." Opportunities for hearing this work have been scanty since then, partly because it does require a pianist with Ogdon's multiple assets, and partly because it expounds no "-ism," pleads no partisan point of view.

Thanks to the enterprising Arts Division of the Institute of International Education (in collaboration with RCA), the multiple hearings the work requires are now readily available. Even a few of these clarify some previously confusing structural values such as the likenesses of first and third movements. Ogdon makes more of their differences than Eunice Podis did at the introductory performance, while formulating eloquently the atmospherically expressive, purposefully simple slow movement. A work of individuality and strong personal flavor, it also possesses a vigor and momentum by no means ordinary.

Yardumian's sequence of movements begins with twenty variations on a motive akin in type, rather than detail, to that on which Bach built his famous C-minor Passacaglia. Ogdon's affinity for both Liszt and Busoni (two composers with Bach involvements of their own) is certainly a factor in his successful exposition of Yardumian's purpose. He is also on firm interpretive ground in the soloist's part of the "Recitatives" that separate Movements I and III. The latter, developed along fugal lines, strikes me as overdecorated, in pianistic figuration, and overorchestrated in sonorous content. Or perhaps it is, merely, that recording techniques have not yet come abreast of a sound pattern that contains a double bass as well as a piano, and such structural details as canons and inversions across a very wide frequency. Buketoff's effort in both of these scores is on the same high level of performance as Ogdon's.

An Hour with Bernard Herrmann

Ravel: "Five O'Clock Foxtrot." **Fauré:** *Pavane.* **Honegger:** *Pastorale d'été.* **Satie:** *Gymnopédies I & II.* **Debussy:** "Clair de lune" (arranged by Caplet); *Valse "La plus que lente"* (arranged by Debussy). Bernard Herrmann conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. London Phase 4 stereo, SPC 21062, $5.98.

If Bernard Herrmann is of a mind to dole out, one or two to a record, the oddities and esoterica of the orchestral repertory with which he has so extensive an acquaintance, it could result in a project that would extend from Phase 4 into Phase 5 (when, or however, that might occur). Almost everything on this fine-sounding disc has a charm of its own, if, in some instances, slightly dulled by repetition. But Ravel's "Five O'Clock Foxtrot" is a piece of musical caricature and social commentary so apt and so largely unknown to others than Herrmann that it makes the record instantly desirable in itself.

Originally devised to be part of *L'Enfant et les sortilèges* (1925), the "Five O'Clock Foxtrot" was developed into a tasty bit of contemporanea by Roger Brange, with Ravel's approval. David Simmons states in his notes that "It found wide favor with dance bands of the early Thirties and also with 78 rpm gramophone enthusiasts." The Simmons statement is true enough, if restricted to those who could endure the surface noise of the Coppola version to savor the distant sounds of something that sounded like Kurt Weill recalling the dance band of the Hotel Adlon in Berlin (1925) rather than Ravel. But the dance bands with which it found "wide favor" must have been very close to the Avenue Montaigne, for they were not in America. In any case, it is a lovely bit of impressionism beautifully re-created under Herrmann's direction.

The Impressionists, as it happens, is the inclusive title under which this collection is presented. Instead of dealing in semantic quibbles, it should be stressed that the performances throughout are beautifully conceived and admirably realized. Moreover, the listener, lured by the pleasure content of "Clair de lune," will discover it in an uncommon but authentic orchestration by André Caplet (a friend of the composer) and *La plus que lente* transcribed from piano to orchestra by Debussy himself. The whole of it glorifies the concept called "Invitation to Music" with which Herrmann as conductor and Oliver Daniel (well-known to *SR* readers) as producer recruited the susceptible in the days when radio (CBS) was king and music had an equally sovereign voice.

A Lesser Third of Puccini's "Triptych"

Puccini: *Il Tabarro.* Leontyne Price, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, Oralia Dominguez, et al.; with Erich Leinsdorf conducting The John Aldis Choir and the New Philharmonia Orchestra. RCA stereo, LSC 3220, $5.98.

The group of single-act operas that Puccini composed in time for a premiere at the Metropolitan Opera in 1918 was collectively described as *Il Trittico*, or *Triptych*, implying three elements of equal importance. However, it soon became apparent that the three parts of the whole were not of equal importance. Unmathematically, it was half *Gianni Schicchi*—its one resounding success—and the other half

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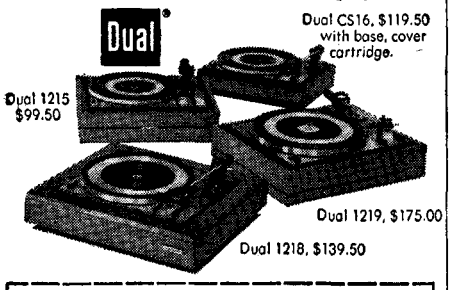

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(in equal quarters) *Suor Angelica* and *Il Tabarro*.

Like any number of operas that preceded it, *Il Tabarro* is concerned with an emotionally involved triangle. The scene is a barge tied up between journeys on the Seine: Michele is its captain; Giorgetta, at twenty-five, his younger-by-half wife; Luigi a stevedore of twenty. Giorgetta and Luigi have a prearranged signal for a rendezvous, the flickering of a lighted match. When Luigi mistakes the match struck by Michele to light his pipe for the prearranged signal, he wanders into a trap and is throttled. *Il Tabarro* is the cloak that sheltered Michele and Giorgetta when they exchanged their love vows before they married and within which the imperturbable Michele conceals the crushed form of Luigi until he chooses, in a final touch of melodrama, to reveal it to his horrified wife.

The music through which this succinct mixture of passion and deception is conveyed is good, but not great, Puccini. For anything like a persuasive outcome it demands three better-than-average voices, plus a conductor attuned to the swirling undercurrent of sound on which the melodic line floats like Michele's barge on the Seine. Those qualifications are fully met in this recording. It finds Price, who hasn't been heard in opera in New York for many months, in resplendent voice, Domingo as a tenor verging on the heroic sound required of the Calaf in *Turandot* (Puccini's next and final work), and Milnes building a menacing characterization of Michele on the dark, round tones suggestive of a Scarpia-to-be. Taken all together, it is an unexpectedly successful response to a work whose perils are much more conspicuous than its rewards. For those interested in the alternate form of Michele's aria, it is presented as an appendix.

The Welsh Connection Or Burrows, Balladeer

Capell: "Love, could I only tell thee." **Metcalf:** "Absent." **Munro:** "My lovely Celia." **Sanderson:** "Until." **Cadman:** "At Dawning." **Tosti:** "My dreams." **Bohm:** "Still as the Night." **Coleridge-Taylor:** "Eleanore." **Toselli:** "Serenata." **Sullivan:** "The Lost Chord." **Nelson:** "Mary of Argyle." **Glover:** "The Rose of Tralee." **Williams:** "My little Welsh home." **Nevin:** "The Rosary." **Boughton:** "Faery Song." **Adams:** "Nirvana." **Clay:** "I'll sing thee songs of Araby." **Woodforde-Finden:** "Kashmiri Song." **Leslie:** "Annabelle Lee." **Jacobs:** "A perfect day." Stuart Burrows, tenor; and John Constable, piano. L'Oiseau-Lyre stereo, SOL 324, $5.95.

Lest it be surmised that only Irish tenors of the John McCormack strain can be taken seriously as both artists and singers of such songs as "The Lost Chord" or "At Dawning," it may be mentioned that, before the time of McCormack, there was also a public for Dan Beddoe, one of the best of Welsh tenors. Like many other Welshmen before him, Burrows—equally known to audiences at Covent Garden and Salzburg and the San Francisco Opera and the Metropolitan—can sing "The Rosary" as straight as "Il mio tesoro" from Mozart's *Don Giovanni* and realize the music in "My lovely Celia" with the same sincerity he brings to Handel. Such treatment doesn't make art songs of ballads, but it does make ballads of ballads, which is, after all, the focus of his effort here.

As the ballad connoisseur—a dwindling tribe, to be sure—will recognize from the appended list, "The selection of songs which Stuart Burrows has chosen to sing represents a way of life and an attitude which belong to the past but which through the skill and melodic strength of the composers can still communicate effectively with listeners of our day." Whoever selected Ivor Newton to write the commentary from which these words are drawn mated the subject brilliantly with an illustrious exponent of it. As one of the greatest accompanists of the pre-Gerald Moore era, Newton played for many a ballad program in a sold-out Royal Albert or Queen's Hall.

By ideal standards, the Burrows voice is overly robust, short in range, especially at the all-important top, for free-flowing performances of this far from robust material. But by liberal use of half voice, and an occasional falsetto, he finesses his way cleverly around the testiest problems, all the while communicating just what there is to communicate. Constable could, on the strength of his work here, be a welcome guest in any drawing room.

Stuart Burrows—finessing his way.

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Rudolf Serkin vs. Beethoven's Opus 106

Beethoven: Sonata in B-flat, Op. 106 *(Hammerklavier)*. Rudolf Serkin, piano. Columbia stereo, M-30081, $5.98.

As anyone acquainted with Rudolf Serkin's masterful version of Beethoven's *Diabelli Variations* will agree, he does not undertake one of these mammoth works without arriving at a conviction about every note and a commitment to the premise that, in putting them all together, he is also putting the whole work together. Indeed, unlike some who consider themselves qualified to play all thirty-two sonatas equally well (by the current count of such entries in Schwann, no fewer than six pianists), Serkin is presently represented by a single disc containing the three Beethoven sonatas that "everyone" plays: *Pathétique, Moonlight,* and *Appassionata.*

Pianistically, the *Hammerklavier* Sonata and *Diabelli Variations* pose much the same kind of challenge: how to reconcile the massive scale on which they are written with the plain evidence that, at this late point of his career, Beethoven was writing more for a theoretical than for a real instrument. Musically, the two works occupy the same rarefied plane, with the difference that the variations, for all their organic growth, lack a total structure whose logic must be made clear.

Serkin's treatment differs from that of almost every performer of the *Hammerklavier* of whom there is record in that it stands back, resists the temptation to engage the first movement in hand-to-hand combat, appraises it if not coolly at least temperately. The intention appears to be not to play down those proclamatory utterances with which the work begins and that recur at staggered intervals—who could, really, play them down?—but to keep them proportionate to the work as a whole. This leads him to play up the episodes and interludes between their occurrence, to bring meaning and structural importance to them, thus holding a tighter rein throughout.

The Scherzo and the slow movement have, as Serkin performs them, a proper place in the kind of *Hammerklavier* he has in mind. But the former strikes me as lacking in lightness, the latter as cast over with the kind of thought-taking that saps eloquence and listening involvement. The fugal finale goes beyond mere contrapuntal exposition to an interplay of voices that raises it to the high level of realization Serkin achieved in the first movement. Throughout, though, I was rather more conscious of structure than of substance, which, I doubt, was Serkin's true intention. □

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PENSIVE POP FOR A MORE TEMPERED TIME

BY ELLEN SANDER

The very breathing of the Seventies is different from that of the Sixties. The Sixties shouted and panted, rip-roaring through musical, social, and sexual conventions until every experience was symbolically political. The breathing of the Seventies, on the other hand, has been almost tantric—contemplative, meditative, inwardly ritualistic. The clash of lifestyles has made assimilation difficult but not impossible. Solitude is the crucial ingredient. In terms of an "underground society," this has meant a turning inward, a new approach to communities, experimental sexual combinations, and politics that are more concerned with immediate groups. In terms of music, excitement is still very much there, but the hysteria is only a feature—and by no means the defining element.

If pop of the Fifties was music of dissatisfaction and pop of the Sixties communicated protest and challenge, pop in the Seventies, so far, has been the music of friendship, of intimacy, of introspection. It has become more contemplative, not out of resignation but as a highly creative expression of certainty, confidence, and a self-realization that is inherent in its lyrics, rhythms, and prominent artists.

In its current context, pop reflects and fills the needs of the audience that supports it, signifying a sensitivity to emotional and spiritual factors rather than a slavish devotion to trends and commercial acceptance. If the eighteen-year-olds who now have the vote still have no candidate for office, they do have one another and they do have their music. And whether the focal point will be a pop star or other figure of public power, manifestation of the attraction will no longer be idol worship, imitation, and obedience, but a statement of what the movement's populace, in all its variety and newfound awareness, really wants. For self-determination, as it has been preached by pop songs of the recent past, has been found to be not merely a process but an end in itself. The choices made by individuals in a free society are not nearly as important as the fact that real choices are encouraged, in a fashion, and, finally, made more possible than ever before. The tattoo of the different drummer is the sound of its artists, and their songs are saying that every choice requires a sacrifice. You may have to move, or stop moving, to live the way you choose, but eventually you will discover a place to exercise that choice, a place where you will not go against the grain.

Revolutionaries (those whose lifestyle goes against the grain, per se) are passé, and revolution has taken on a new perspective. Revolutionaries feel the current social temper of youth is defeatist, but the proponents of real revolution, a matter of consciousness, care less about symbolism and labels than they do about their immediate situations, problems, and relationships.

The popular music of these times is not a dominating force anymore, but a companionable one. Its visions are less worldly and more intimate, less overtly political and more personal. Artists expressing their inner choices in a distinctive and personal style are now the most popular and the most prolific. The emphasis on virtuosity and technique has given way to an emphasis on sincerity that is best reflected by individual performers in solo situations rather than within the complexity and mystique of groups. The acceptance of Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young as a collection of individuals when they perform together (and that is exactly the way they pace their shows) bears this out, as does the relative acceptance at the same time by the audience of each member's solo albums.

Where groups shine through, they are generally savoring some single aspect of their pasts, their completed experiences in either style or content—for example, the Grateful Dead's newest album, a two-disc set featuring some country/folk stylings, the Kristofferson staple "Me and Bobby McGee," the Rolling Stones' chestnut "Not Fade Away," and the rock primer "Johnny B. Goode." Pink Floyd's *Meddle* is elegant and serene, the most knowledgeable use of sound and space on any pop record to date; still it is intelligible, symphonic, and familiar.

War protest has changed, too, from political to personal. "Sam Stone," a song written by spectacular newcomer John Prine and covered beautifully by Bob Gibson (back from the folk days on his new album), is about a man coming home from the war a junkie, his life and family falling into ruin. "Readjustment Blues," on John Denver's new album, *Aerie*, is about human displacement from soldier to civilian. In "The Last Lonely Eagle," the

Seals and Crofts "Year of Sunday": "Good friends who challenge the senses."

Ellen Sander is a free-lance writer and critic living in California. Her first book, *Trips: Rock Life in the Sixties*, is to be published this summer by Scribner's.

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New Riders of the Purple Sage, a Grateful Dead spin-off group, lament the decline in American morale and also deplore the fact that the eagle is an ecologically endangered species.

McGuinness Flint's latest album, *Happy Birthday, Ruthy Baby*, is ecstatic in its simplicity. The songs are original and infectious, the musical treatments exciting and without excess. Led Zeppelin's newest album, whose title is a series of four mysterious glyphs, is amazingly mellow. They are the one group that can combine virtuosity and heaviness and still maintain a palatable structure. Robert Plante, best known for screaming his head off, uses his voice more subtly here, and its shadings are lovely, liquid, and move easily within the tone colors of the music. They make a flexible, organized racket with all elements of their style intact. Anyone who doubts the growth potential in the style of groups would be well advised to enjoy this one.

But solo artists never have been so beautifully showcased. Van Morrison's *Tupelo Honey* is greatly varied in texture and color, a perfect setting for his quixotic song sense. Rod Stewart runs the line between being a group and a solo singer. He records as a soloist, with back-up musicians of his choosing, for Mercury, and each of his albums, from *Gasoline Alley* to the latest, *Every Picture Tells a Story* is a singular triumph. He also records, with the Faces, formerly The Small Faces, on Warner Brothers, and their latest, *A Nod Is As Good As A Wink . . . to a Blind Horse*, is also spectacular and recorded with a fine sense of dynamics, with performances dramatically paced. Stewart, with his foppish teasing and his heartfelt howl, is a significant superstar of the Seventies.

Lee Michaels, David S. Cohen, and Dr. John albums for 1971 are all triumphs. Each has carefully put together contiguous facets of one strong musical personality and combined it with impeccable taste. Gene Clark, one of the members of the original Byrds, put out a solo album, *Gene Clark*, a tender and dignified selection of folky songs with a highly personal feeling.

Nostalgia for the Fifties as a musical time rather than a musical style is a counterfeit premise for an album, but Yoko Ono, amazingly, pulls it off on *Fly*, the first album she's made that reaches out and connects with a public on her terms. She has found a way to bring rock and roll and her own musical peculiarities (which by themselves are far ahead of their time) together, and she may be the best rock and roll singer I've heard. One imagines John Lennon had no small part in this transfiguration, and it is one they can both be proud of—a brilliant album. Play *Fly* next to Little Richard's latest, *King of Rock and Roll*, and there is hardly any transition. Little Richard has lost none of his fire contemporizing, nor has he diluted the style. He simply is what he is; he rocks and rolls *hard* and flamboyantly and it works better, because it is genuine, than any kind of self-conscious approach the bogus Fifties groups now around would dare to try.

Lady Soul has scored again. *Aretha Franklin Live At The Fillmore West* is a dazzling live album featuring a guest encore with Ray Charles. *Aretha's Greatest Hits*, an album so well contextualized that it stands solidly on its own as a fabulous musical experience, marks off intervals in a celebrated recording career.

Seals and Crofts' third album, *Year of Sunday*, finally has them at their musical best. They are a particularly wonderful duo with the imagination of the Incredible String Band, the tenderness of Cat Stevens, and the harmonic finesse of Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young. Their album has all the variety and spice of an evening well spent with good friends who challenge the senses. The Persuasions' *We Came To Play* is a mightily effective album, sung in harmonic parts, without instrumentation, and containing such fabulous material as "Chain Gang" and "Gypsy Woman."

Johnny Rivers's new album, *Home Grown*, is a solid example of rocking, personal, companionable music—good tunes sung well and backed with integrity and joy. It opens with "Moving To The Country" and closes with a Jesus song, quite nicely parenthesizing the scope of this latest era in pop music. The album is well put together, a rousing rocker in some parts, settling into warm ballads of home and hearth in others.

And in the midst of the most pointedly personal music, with predominant themes concentrating on idyllic and intimate communication among comrades, Bob Dylan has released "George Jackson," his first protest song in years. Dylan is typically the alter ego of trends, and his newest turnabout could be an indication that the times, once again, are changing.

For the present, however, the defiance that once characterized pop is absent, and it is not really missed. This isn't the time for pop to defy, because it is truly a part of the power base. The only thing left for pop to defy is itself, as well it will when it gets stale, as happens periodically. Now pop ferments with a ripening of its own assumptions, and it is utilizing, with supreme professionalism, its capacity to be born again.

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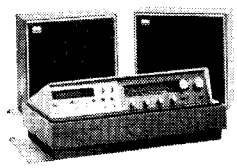

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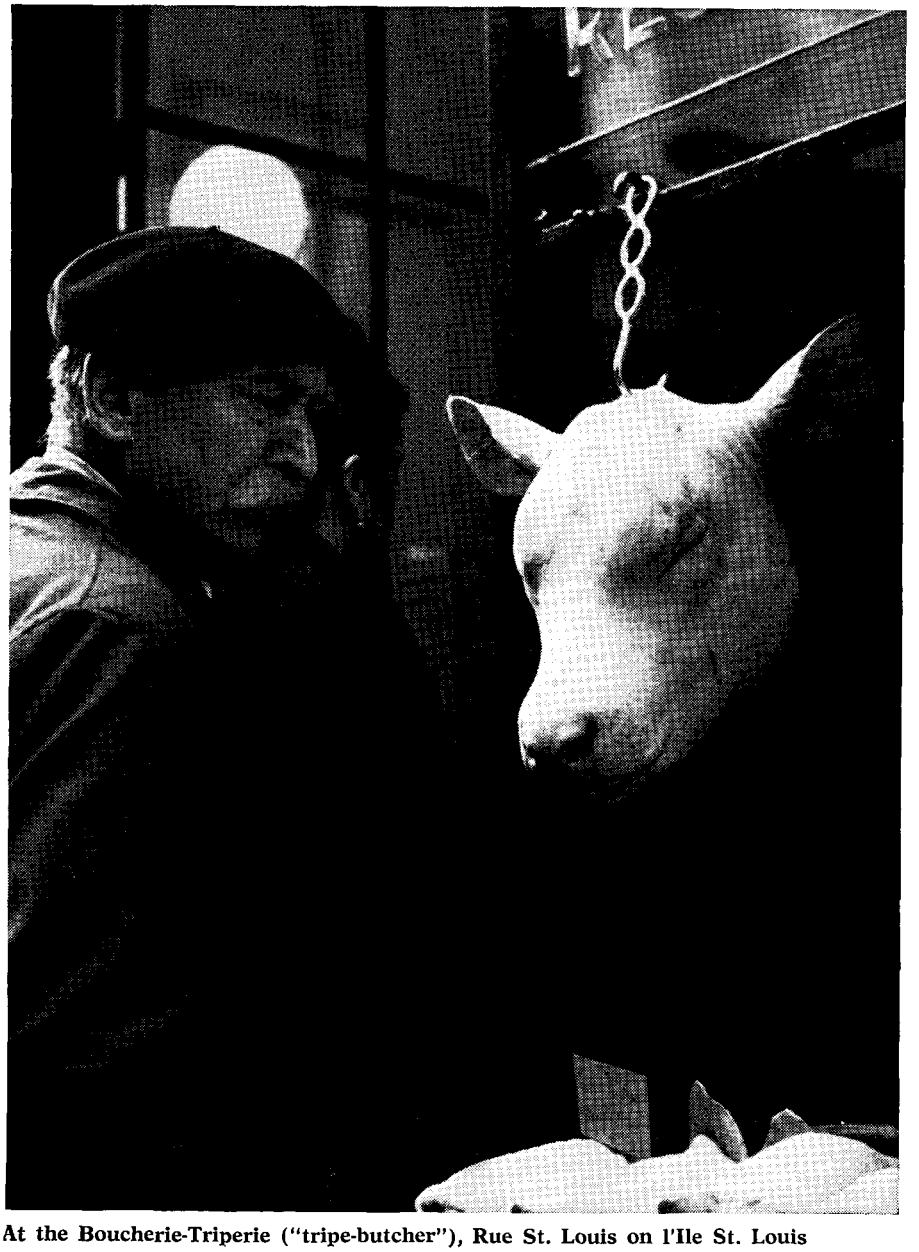
LOGIC AND WHIMSY IN DOISNEAU'S PARIS

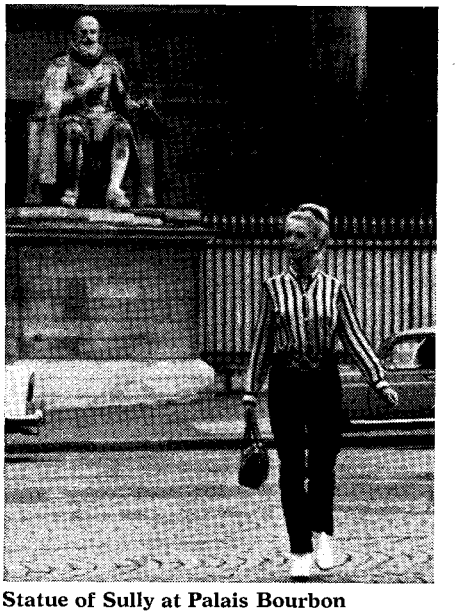
BY MARGARET R. WEISS

The milieu in which Robert Doisneau's camera is most at home is easily discernible in the titles of his books: *La Banlieue de Paris* ("The Suburbs"), *Les Parisiens Tels qu'ils Sont* ("Parisians as They Are"), *Instantanés de Paris* ("Snapshots"), and the forthcoming *My Paris* with text by the late Maurice Chevalier. In attempting to define his approach, however, critics have succeeded in blurring his identity in a confusion of comparisons. It is true that he follows in the *flâneur* or roving tradition of Eugène Atget; certainly he has trod the same pavements that Brassaï walked, and wandered around the parks and boulevards that André Kertész made his purview.

But Doisneau's camerawork has its own distinctive style, for his is the rare lens that compounds Cartesian logic and Lewis Carroll whimsy in recording the workaday world of the butcher, the baker, and the corner bistrot. His humor is humanized, never arch or acetic; his subjects may be characters but they are not caricatures. Whatever social comment he makes is subliminal. Matters of privation vs. privilege are for others to document or protest; Doisneau prefers to expose the human comedy he finds in the uncommonly commonplace.



At the Boucherie-Triperie ("tripe-butcher"), Rue St. Louis on l'Ile St. Louis



Statue of Sully at Palais Bourbon

July 14th, Quai du Louvre underpass

"Une Maison Imaginaire," a photo mural in Doisneau's home

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Josef Albers: Master Illusionist at the Metropolitan

PRINCIPLES OF PARADOX

BY MARK STRAND

Color, in the words of Josef Albers, is "the most relative medium in art." It deceives continually and changes in response to the slightest alteration in light or shape or quantity. It changes so drastically at times that its true identity is questionable. The recent Albers show at the Metropolitan Museum of Art provided countless demonstrations of the peculiar and often unpredictable nature of color. In Albers's work, however, its behavior always takes place within the rigorous format of a geometrical figure, usually the square, which may find its antecedents in the eighty-three-year-old artist's career as a director of the Bauhaus and as head of Yale University's Department of Design. The idea of placing one square within a set of increasingly larger squares is a necessary element in the roles color is meant to play. The stoical, balanced, phlegmatic nature of the square is a perfect foil for the mercurial, sensual, and ultimately mysterious character of the colors. They play off each other continually, engaging in dramas of resistance and acceptance that are often intensely moving.

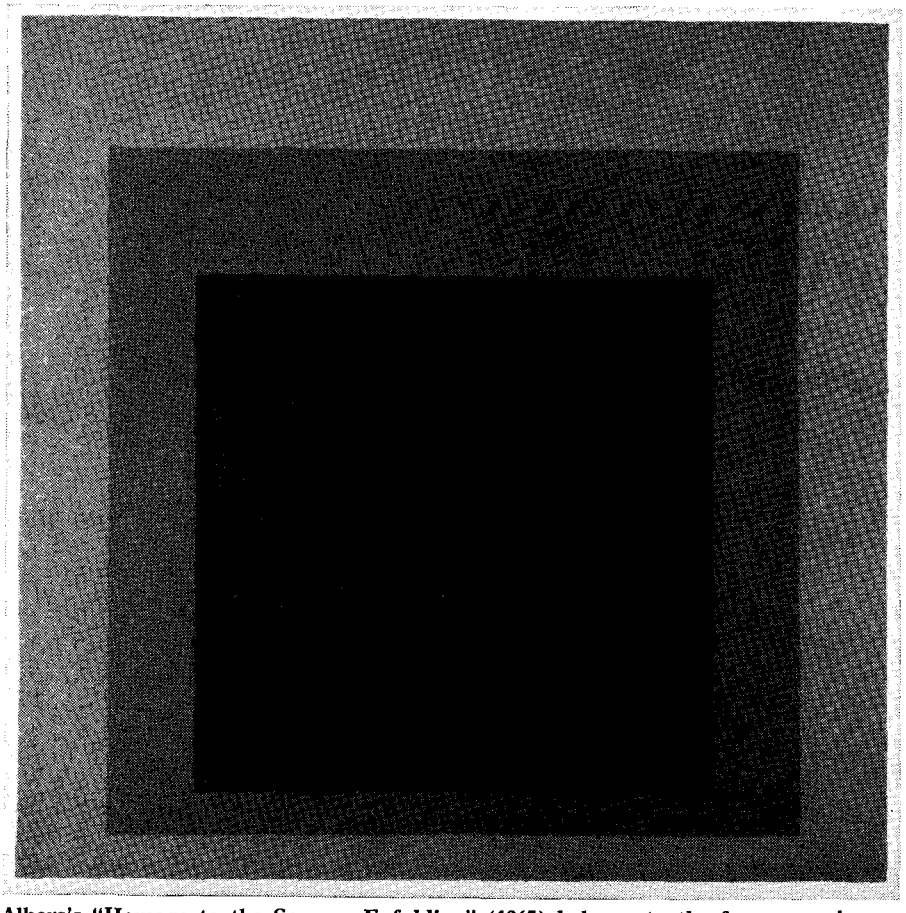
In some of the paintings color seems too sublime, the central square breaking down into a luminous haze. In others, gradations of the same hue try to equalize and redistribute their light properties by dissolving the squares. Depending on how color behaves, the geometry of the paintings is reinforced or altered. For instance, looking into the central square, we may feel that it exists far below the surface of the painting. Or we may see larger, enclosing squares recede into the distance behind the central one. Both are examples of color altering our perception of depth. As is often the case with highly restrictive conditions, the possibilities for color determining perception seem endless. When we see a gray become purple or a yellow turn gray, we see beyond question the magical properties of color.

Given the austerity of the paintings, their uniform simplicity, it is surprising to find in some of them traces of a sense of humor. This usually has to do with how certain paintings quite literally illustrate ideas. In a painting titled *Still There*, for example, the luminous yellow central square diminishes by stages into the background, but not entirely. The key color still exists, though tenuously, in the very last square. One wonders what the visual consequences would be if the painting were titled *All Gone*.

Ideally, we should be allowed to stand or sit undisturbed in front of an Albers for as long as we like. As the paintings are invitations to daydream or to meditate, it is only natural that they should make claims on our time. Depending on our inclinations, we might choose to enter a reverie of dissolving portals and ghostly demarcations, of weathers and atmospheres creating the climates of color; or we might choose to become what Schopenhauer called "pure will-less subjects of knowledge" and discover universal principles or Platonic ideas through prolonged and abstracted consideration of Albers's work.

Whatever the case, the chances are slight that we will get the chance, if the recent show at the Metropolitan is any indication of how future shows of Albers's will be hung. It is almost axiomatic that the crowding together of paintings reduces the effect that any one painting might have. No matter how willing we are to be moved or engrossed by Albers's work, we feel the intrusion of other paintings in our field of vision. Even if the paintings offer different experiences, as their titles suggest—*In Full Light, Diffused, Be-*

Mark Strand teaches poetry writing in the School of the Arts at Columbia and periodically writes free-lance art reviews. His most recent book is *Darker*.



Albers's "Homage to the Square: Enfolding" (1965) belongs to the famous series of paintings which explore the chromatic relationships within nested squares.

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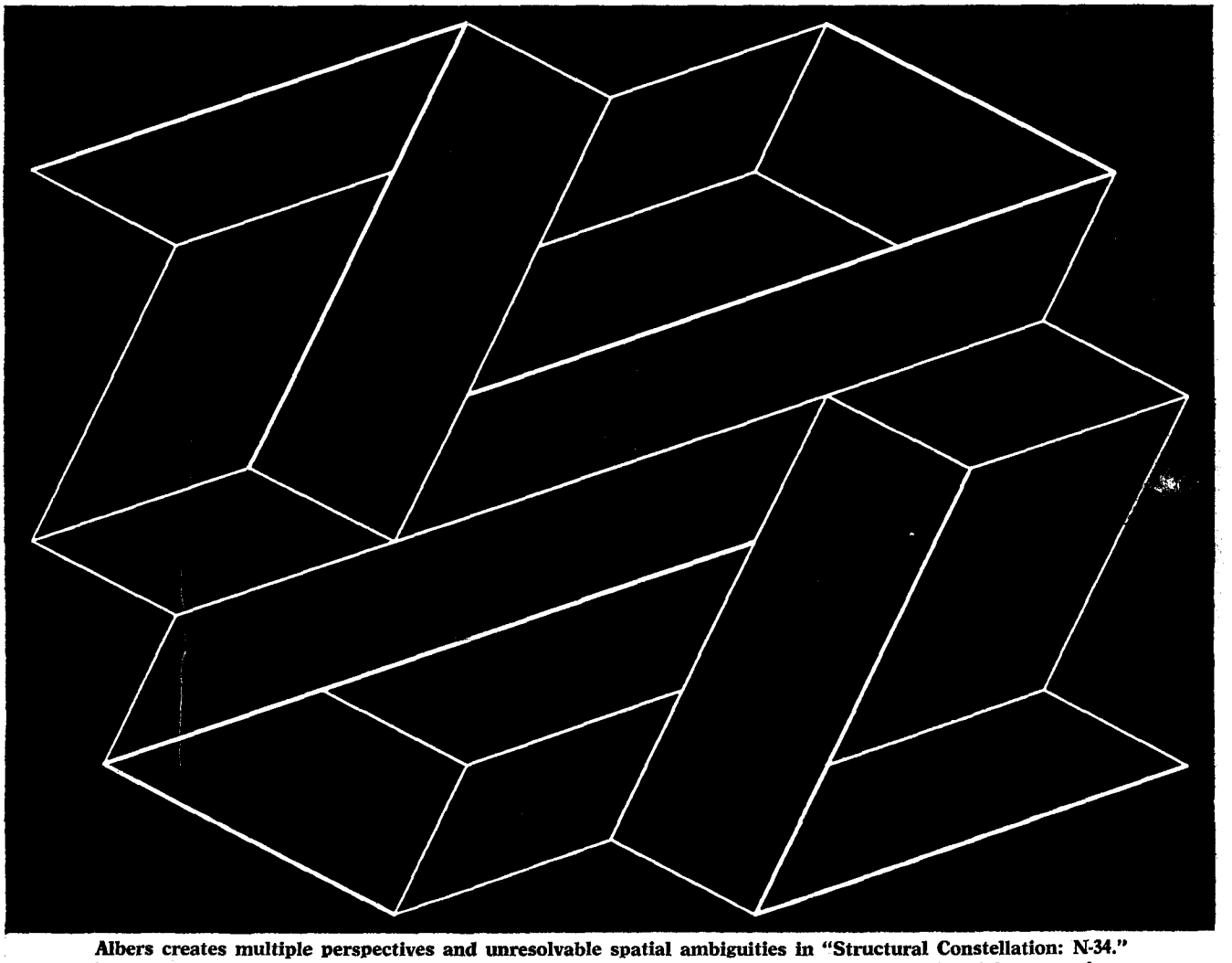
yond Focus—the large number of them serves only to destroy concentration on single works and offers, instead, the "look" of Albers. It is exasperating to leave the Metropolitan with a blurred memory of colorful squares, but without the clear memory of the experience of a single painting.

Albers's silk-screen prints are, in some ways, more successful than his paintings. Their flat, untextured surfaces are rich without being obtrusive. Too often in the oils the rough surface of the masonite shows through. In a time when great care is given to uniform saturation of single-color areas, it is perplexing to witness the elegantly conceived work of Albers, especially the paintings in darker hues, living an almost disheveled life on masonite, the colors having been laid on and scraped down with a palette knife. It may be that Albers is so caught up in the illusionistic aspect of his work that such textural concerns seem minor. In any case, it is hard to see the silk-screen prints correctly. They are framed behind plexiglass, which gives us back a picture of ourselves trying to dodge our own reflections in order to gain an unobstructed view of the work.

Albers's drawings of linear configurations, like the paintings and silk-screens, are based on the principle of "interaction." Disturbingly, even aggressively, active, they do not terminate in any posture that symbolizes stasis or rest, as do the paintings. In the paintings, color eventually either enervates itself or exhausts the viewer and stability is regained through the supportive and "colorless" roles that the squares play. But in the drawings, the geometrical figures either recede or advance and there is no point or plane where the viewer may linger. The only retreat from such formal projections of irresolution is to close one's eyes or turn one's back. There is something ingenious and demonic about this aspect of Albers's work. The exploitation of relativity in his drawings depends on the ceaseless and assaultive presence of ambiguous space. If we are being educated by Albers to see, his drawings exist as a critique by which we learn to mistrust ourselves. We realize that what we had meant by *seeing* was *seeing what we wanted to.* Albers's linear constructions contain what we hope not to experience in our everyday lives —the illusion of three-dimensional figures in a neutral and noncommittal space. When outside becomes inside and vice versa, and nothing in the drawing is saying, "No! No! This shouldn't be!" we are experiencing something unpleasant. Only if we approach these drawings with great detachment will we not be threatened by them. But then, not to be threatened by them is not to have seen them.

Albers is too much of a moralist to disturb or delight us in frivolous ways. Most of our perception is visual, and Albers reminds us that we have a lot to learn about seeing, that in fact seeing is something we take too much for granted. His paintings inform by example. Though they differ in particulars, they are all related thematically by exploiting the possibilities of "interaction." Albers has said that color behaves like man in two ways: "first in self-realization and then in the realization of relationships with others." It is a hopeful and positive view and distinctly democratic. When color challenges the safe, enclosing geometrical properties of the pictorial surface, as it is meant to, it does so with a slowness and delicacy that are disarming and a beauty that is exhilarating. □



Albers creates multiple perspectives and unresolvable spatial ambiguities in "Structural Constellation: N-34." The drawing, which was made in 1964, is machine-engraved on Formica for a sleek, industrial-type surface.

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

New Fun on the Tundra

Winter has fallen across the Minnesota prairie with customary vengeance. There is no looking back. Autumn and Viking football are now wan memories. And whether or not the ground hog sees his shadow a few days hence, spring and the last thaw are still two months away. Yet there are signs in North Star Country that winter, for the first time, is being met head on, embraced, not avoided. Certainly one vehicle of this transformation is the mighty snowmobile, whose sales across the state have gone over 200,000. But far more encouraging—to environmentalists and lovers of unautomated sports—is the sudden emergence of cross-country skiing. People of all ages and varying athletic prowess have renounced a winter of hibernation to take up this old Scandinavian game.

"Cross-country skiing" is actually a misnomer, for that sport is practiced internationally as a competitive racing event in the Nordic category. Americans from coast to coast in every region where snow covers the ground call the U.S. version ski touring. In other words it is strictly for fun. From Stowe and Sugarbush in Vermont to Vail and Steamboat Springs in Colorado, ski resorts have laid out touring trails for this different breed of skier. But the advantage of touring is that you don't need to follow the caravans of cars to the teeming name resorts. With poles in hand and the long skinny slats underfoot, you can push off practically from your front step and head for the nearest park, golf course, or other open terrain.

Somehow skiing was a sport I thought would never grip Minnesota, my home for twenty-four winters. Oh, there were modest slopes across the border in Wisconsin, steeper ones in Michigan, and of course the magical resorts 800 miles away in Colorado, but the Minnesota landscape always seemed too flat for skiing. Ski jumping, yes, but only for the brave. Tundra winters lent themselves more naturally to skating, snowshoeing, ice fishing, and ice boating. Then came the snowmobile, proliferating across the untracked snows and blanketing the land like the hordes of locusts that once descended on August grain fields. Then in the last year or two ski touring arrived on silent runners. Sporting goods stores began stocking Norwegian and Finnish equipment for sale and rental. Clubs were quickly organized, some within big firms, such as 3M, Northwest Airlines, and Remington Rand.

Five years ago, before the sport took hold in Minnesota, the North Star Ski Touring Club launched itself with seventeen members; it greeted this winter with 650, probably the largest enrollment in the state. Its credo, printed in circulars the club dispatches to prospective members, bears quoting:

"Ski touring permits you to enjoy the same winter landscape (sans eighty-two decibels) that you do from your snowmobile. TV is not the *only* alternative to snowmobiling during Minnesota's long white winters.

"Ski touring is far less expensive. You can outfit the entire family (each with his own skis) for a fraction of the cost of a snowmobile. And there's less 'tinkering.' A coat of wax now and then is all that you need.

"Ski touring is far better exercise. Norwegian cross-country racers are among the best-conditioned athletes in the world. But you needn't be a racer to enjoy the benefits. Even the plodder can work as hard, or as leisurely, as he likes.

"*Finally:* Ski touring is far easier on the conscience. The environmental impact is low, and you will get few complaints from your neighbors as you glide quietly by."

For one who had never stepped into a pair of cross-country skis (and had tried the downhill style only twice), the first pleasure was discovering how simple and cheap the sport can be. Shops in St. Paul and Minneapolis charge only $3 a day or $6.50 a weekend for a set of skis, bindings, shoes, poles, and socks. I would be surprised if the rate is much lower in Norway. Buying the best gear in stock, you are hard put to spend more than $90: shoes, $25 to $35; skis and poles, $35 to $50; mountings and bindings, $6. Alpine gear can run four or five times as much. Austrian Blizzard skis cost $180, boots can go up to $150, and bindings may fetch $50, the price of the best cross-country ski. There are untold savings in ski wear, for the touring exponent can get by with a sweater, light jacket, knickers, and long socks. The sport requires so much stress and pull that heavier clothing would cause overheating. At R. C. Rental Center in Minneapolis the most elegant—and practical—piece of outerwear on display is a $24 pair of Norwegian-made blue nylon knickers. But a pair of old cords tucked into long socks will do, too.

One of the main reasons Minnesotans have been able to meet the outdoors halfway is the recent refinement in winter dress. Ski tourists and (bless them) snowmobilers have helped introduce lightweight clothing that looks and feels flimsy but somehow keeps out blasts of snow and cold. "Dress has changed phenomenally," said a sales clerk at Reed's, a sporting goods store in suburban Minneapolis. "Goose-down clothing and heavily insulated wear are necessary for downhill skiing and other sports, but for ski touring and snowmobiling you need very light stuff that stays dry. Even the boots are made to breathe free. No doubt about it, these sports are more popular because of the change in clothing. If snowmobiling had come five years earlier, it couldn't have gotten off so fast with the heavy wear then in use. Actually, all you need is a turtle neck, maybe a sweater over it, and a simple windbreaker, to let your body breathe."

Through a week in December I watched a deep shelf of snow turn sticky in the unseasonable warmth and gradually recede from the sidewalks. I had seldom before wished for a heavy snowfall. When it didn't come and my day of departure approached, there was no choice but to venture out, on the morning of Christmas Eve, with my newly rented skis. My brother Joe and I drove to the rolling farm country west of Minneapolis where the North Star Ski Touring Club tends a well-tracked course. The land actually belongs to Jonathan Village, a pre-planned community whose backers intend to keep the surrounding acres of lakes and wooded hills and valleys free of construction, open to such untainted pursuits as ski touring—and closed to snowmobiles.

The club uses as its headquarters an old frame farmhouse that the new village leases for a nominal fee of $1 a year. We joined three club members for a ski-waxing ritual in the kitchen—Ginny McWethy, a spry grandmother of five, office receptionist, and co-founder of the club; Lucy Cook, a free-lance writer who took up ski touring "because I decided I was too old and brittle to start with downhill skiing"; and twenty-one-year-old Ben Pawlak, who switched from snowshoeing to ski touring three years ago and has mastered the sport without ever having tried an Alpine course. Lucy once tested the rasping snowmobile on a magazine assignment—a transgression she has yet to live down. On one wall of the clubhouse beneath a photo of her riding a snowmobile is the sign: "Wanted: Lucy Cook for—Ugh—snowmobiling in the disinterest of the North Star Ski Touring Club." Lucy swears she hasn't been on or near one of the dread machines since.

After applying several layers of wax, we picked up the skis, walked out the back door onto a hillside, and stepped

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into our bindings. Wearing ski-touring equipment, you get none of the bottled-up, clamped-down feelings that downhill gear may create. Unlike the cumbersome downhill boot, the simple low-cut, square-toed shoe resembles a Fred Cox football place-kicking model. Your toe is clamped in, but the heel is free, which prevents sharp turning but makes it easier to right yourself after a fall and cuts down on ankle and leg injuries. An ankle encased in a downhill boot may snap under great stress. Thus autographed leg casts are rarely a part of the ski-touring scene. "After three years I have seen only one sprained ankle—and it was a freak," said Pawlak. "Another thing that prevents injuries is the lightness of the ski. Nine out of ten skis will break before your bone will go."

None of this is to suggest that ski touring is an easy trick done without risk or thrill. I fell a couple of times trying to get down the first gentle hill, and Joe, in his skiing debut, negotiated most of the early distance as though sliding into third base. Lucy, for her part, stayed well back, complaining later of miserable snow and too-stiff skis. During the night the temperature had fallen to zero, and now in the twelve- or fifteen-degree chill the snow was firm as cement; the rasp and scrape of our skis produced an almost motorized sound. Yet after three or four spills and a few hundred yards of progress, Joe and I were yelping with joy—the joy of discovering a new sport. Never mind that the original Vikings made the same find ten centuries ago.

Once you get the knack, ski touring seems the most sensible and exhilarating of sports. On a level trail you push off as though walking briskly, using the poles for balance and acceleration. Uphill, you climb with either a sidestep or herringbone, no doubt the toughest moves to master and ones that left my arms aching from the awkward stabbing of poles. Of course, the reward for all that pain is a downhill run of a few hundred feet, those heady, happy moments when you teeter and almost tumble, when you could be taking in the beauty of passing trees and birds but, for now, are transfixed by the thrill of your flight. I fell only once on the last downhill ride, finally gliding onto a frozen lake below the clubhouse. When there isn't space enough to stop naturally and snowplowing won't halt you, the only choice is to bail out and take the last few feet on your bottom or side. Turning and stemming won't work with cross-country skis. In all, we skied perhaps a mile-and-a-half and stayed out less than two hours, and yet the next day my body felt as though it had spent an afternoon running against the Purple Gang. But, as the sado-masochistic line goes, it hurt good. □

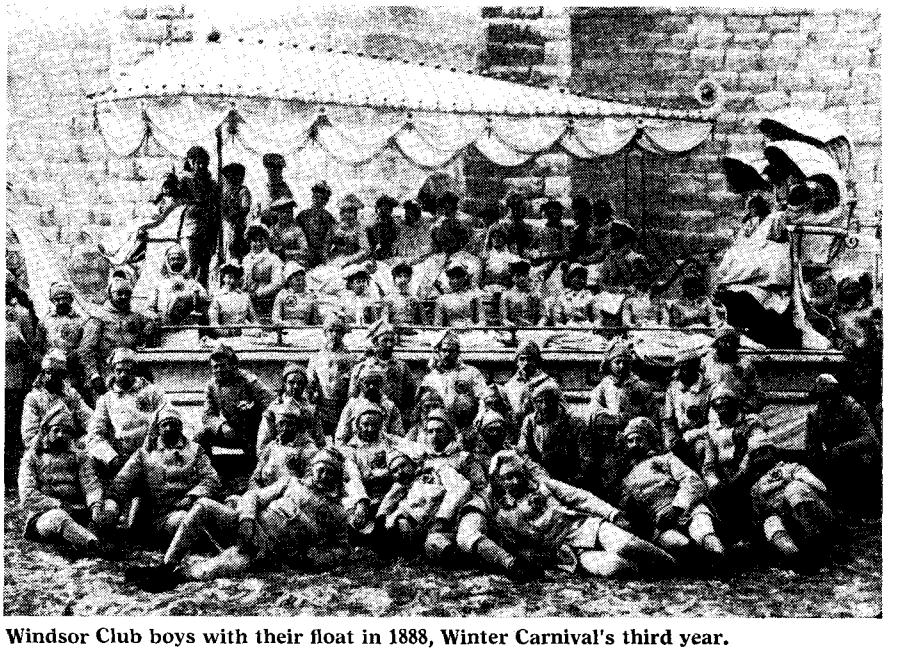
In the Days of the Ice Palace

Minnesota winters have always been for the young. Growing up in St. Paul in the 1940s, we didn't worry about snow tires or the clanking chains that drivers used after a great blizzard, and the sheets of ice on the sidewalks were not a bone-breaking hazard but a joy to slide on. If the furnace in the basement broke down during a thirty-degree-below cold snap, we sat around the oven and pretended we were early Minnesota pioneers, while Mom tried vainly to reach the fuel company.

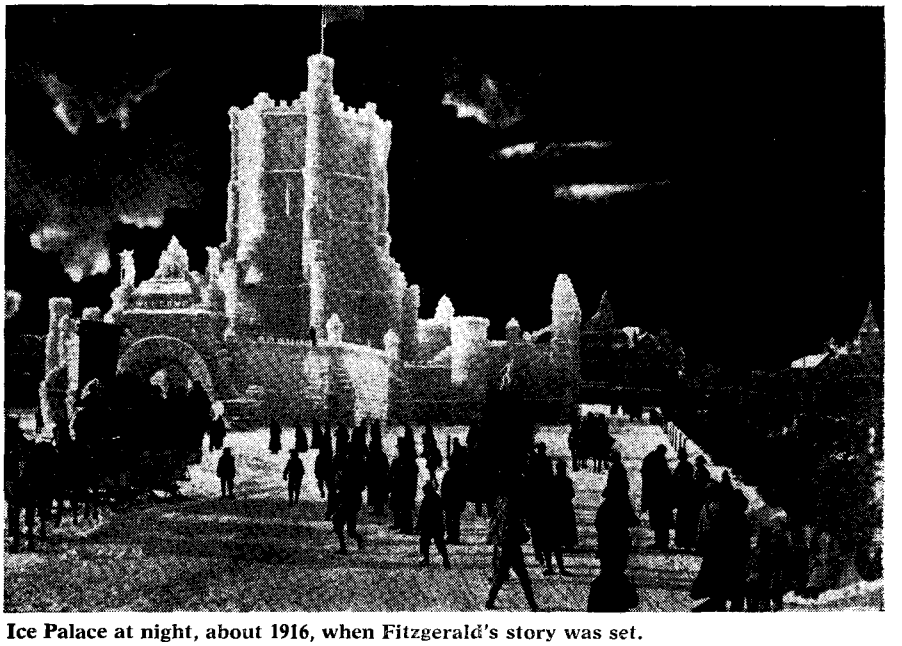
In late January or early February a young boy's fancy turned to the St. Paul Winter Carnival. Everyone knew that the carnival king, Boreas, custodian of the North Wind, was a plump, pink-faced downtown businessman, but the queen and princesses were beautiful, and the red-caped, black-masked Vulcans threw chills into young hearts as they swept down the street in the Torchlight Parade, kissing spectators with black-smudged lips.

Some of the melodrama has disappeared since then, and not only in the eyes of children grown up. The parade has been tamed and the immense ice palace, once a regal, shimmering castle of ice blocks and the centerpiece of the carnival, is now a mere model in front of the new St. Paul Hilton. This year (January 28 to February 6) the carnival's main event will be the seventh annual 500-mile snowmobile race from Winnipeg to St. Paul. There will also be speed skating, curling, sports car racing and slow-pitch softball on ice, broomball, chess, ski jumping, and the country's oldest hot-air balloon race.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, born in 1896 in



Windsor Club boys with their float in 1888, Winter Carnival's third year.



Ice Palace at night, about 1916, when Fitzgerald's story was set.

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St. Paul and forever influenced by the years he spent there, built his short story "The Ice Palace" around the Winter Carnival. A southern belle named Sally Carrol Happer comes up from Georgia to visit Harry Bellamy in the dead of winter and is soon beaten down by the cold and by the chest-thumping Nordic ways. Finally she goes with a group to a Winter Carnival celebration in the Ice Palace, which stands "on a tall hill outlined in vivid glaring green against the wintry sky, with battlements and embrasures and narrow icicled windows." Somehow she gets separated from the group and stumbles lost through the dark icy corridors. Rescued in her delirium, Sally Carrol retreats to the soft sunlight of Georgia, never to return. Ironically the 1972 carnival will salute Southern hospitality.

In *The Great Gatsby*, Nick Carraway remembers going home to St. Paul for Christmas vacations from school:

> Those who went farther than Chicago would gather in the old dim Union Station at six o'clock of a December evening, with a few Chicago friends, already caught up into their own holiday gayeties, to bid them a hasty good-bye. . . . When we pulled out into the winter night and the real snow, our snow, began to stretch out beside us and twinkle against the windows, and the dim lights of small Wisconsin stations moved by, a sharp wild brace came suddenly into the air. We drew in deep breaths of it as we walked back from dinner through the cold vestibules, unutterably aware of our identity with this country for one strange hour, before we melted indistinguishably into it again.
>
> That's my Middle West—not the wheat or the prairies or the lost Swede towns, but the thrilling returning trains of my youth, and the street lamps and sleigh bells in the frosty dark and the shadows of holly wreaths thrown by lighted windows on the snow.

St. Paul's polite society, wealthy old Yankee families, constructed enormous brick and stone houses on Summit and Grand avenues. Fitzgerald, who returned to St. Paul with Zelda in 1920 and polished *The Beautiful and Damned*, lived on the fringe of the most fashionable district with its broad lawns and towering oaks and elms. That he never lived within it was an irony that haunted Fitzgerald and his work. A half-century later, many of the old families have died or left and their mansions have been divided into rooming houses, or converted into reception halls for weddings, or taken over by churches. Yet in the narrowing section of lower Grand and Summit, the houses are still impressive and Scott Fitzgerald is remembered.

Winter, in spite of Nick Carraway's rhapsodies, was anything but Fitzgerald's favorite season. "He was no sportsman, I'll tell you that. He loathed the cold weather," said a close childhood friend, Mrs. Alida Bigelow Butler. She was off to New York the next day for the holidays and spoke to me on the phone. "One thing we used to do in the winter—and I'm not sure if Scott was with us—was to take the streetcar down to the Town and Country golf course and then go tobogganing down a wonderful hill. Afterward we would have hot chocolate in the clubhouse and take the streetcar home.

"Then there was a fad in those days—sleeping in what we called a window tent. Did you ever hear of that? A little tent covered your head and shoulders, and the window was open so your head was practically outdoors in the midst of winter. Funny, but I haven't thought of that for years and years. In the morning we would wake up with frost in our mouths. It was supposed to be good for your health.

"Winter? Oh, well, I'm an older person now, and I loathe it. I can see why women go down to Florida and live in a trailer all winter. Though I'd never do it myself. It's too deadly." D. B.

St. Paul's fashionable Summit Avenue under wintry siege, circa 1930.

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The Love That Was Born of "Juno and the Paycock"

BY A. ALVAREZ

SEAN

by Eileen O'Casey
edited by J. C. Trewin

Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, 319 pp., $6.95

Sean O'Casey and Eileen Carey were married in 1927, when the great Irish playwright was forty-six years old and when the author of this "intimate memoir" was only twenty-two. By rights, no other person could write of O'Casey with greater authority than this woman who lived with him for thirty-seven years. The two were seldom apart for more than a week or two at a time. Their longest separation was in 1958, when Mrs. O'Casey came to America to represent her then nearly eighty-year-old husband at openings of *The Shadow of a Gunman* and *Cock-a-doodle Dandy* in New York, where, it appears, she stayed for several weeks. (Mrs. O'Casey is continually vague about dates.) She and Sean were devoted to each other. During his final illness—he was eighty-four and knew he was dying—O'Casey wrote his wife a long letter spelling out, tenderly and without equivocation, just how much he loved and depended upon her. The tone is much like that of the earliest love letters his widow reprints here: romantic, ardent, overwhelmed. And this last will and testament of his emotional life was written in 1964, in the plastic age of swinging London, with its brittle affairs and quickie divorces. If his letter is an extraordinary tribute, Mrs. O'Casey's book is proof of how much she deserved it. For she lavished her life on Sean and their children, subordinating everything to his needs as a writer.

It was she who kept the show on the road, who organized the house, the children, the garden, who saw that repairs were carried out, bills somehow paid, and intrusive visitors kept away. Each time they moved she made sure that Sean's old desk and chair, sofa and books were put in their proper places in his new study before unpacking even a teacup. Once, when a new carpet was to be fitted in his room, she refused to let the workmen disturb him; instead, Mrs. O'Casey and her elder son fitted the thing—or tried to—while Sean was taking his afternoon bath.

She even gave up her stage career for him. Not that it had been anything spectacular: in the chorus line of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company and a few musicals, a few walk-on parts in light comedies with, occasionally, a couple of feed-lines. Later, after meeting Sean, she had longer roles in his plays, but clearly she was no Duse, and she knew it. Even so, Eileen hankered after the gay, stagey life after they were married. It was only when her small son fell ill, while he and his father were living miserably just outside London and she was off acting in Manchester, that she realized that "as a married woman, I had been foolish in trying to preserve a career which, more than anything, I had used as a personal indulgence, an outlet." She never acted again.

But her real gift was not her acting; it was her stunning looks, which not even the impossible hats and incredible hairdos of the period photographs can disguise. Men swarmed round Eileen Carey like wasps round a honeypot. Sean fell for her the moment he saw her: "From that first afternoon until his death thirty-eight years later, I don't suppose I ever lost him." Eileen, in her turn, meant it to be that way. She was in New York—lonely, despondent, a twenty-two-year-old girl in love with a married man back in England and cast in a trivial part in a trivial play—when a friend gave her *Juno and*

A. Alvarez is the author of *Beyond All This Fiddle*, a collection of literary essays. His study of suicide, *The Savage God*, will be published in April.

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Eileen and Sean O'Casey at Torquay—"an odd, almost Chaucerian couple."

the Paycock to read. O'Casey's play astounded her: "Forgetting everything else, I read it straight to the end, profoundly moved. Suddenly I became as happy as I had been miserable; overcome with excitement, I wished above all else to meet the dramatist himself. Here I was, imagining myself as an O'Casey actress, a girl with no experience except the chorus and the tiny part I had just done. How were we to meet?"

She was due to return to England the following week. Such were her powers of persuasion that within "a few days" after her arrival in London Eileen had already met and smitten O'Casey. A frail, weak-eyed, rather birdlike figure, the playwright was hardly the smooth, rich, sophisticated sort of man she was accustomed to. For sixteen months she wavered between him, her married lover, and a pack of more presentable but callow suitors. But O'Casey won out in the end, which says a great deal for her taste and her instincts.

They must have made an odd, almost Chaucerian couple—the already aging playwright and the beautiful but seemingly frivolous and confused young girl. At the time of their marriage in 1927, O'Casey, of course, still had all the glamour of success. His three greatest plays—*The Shadow of a Gunman, Juno and the Paycock, The Plough and the Stars*—had been produced between 1923 and 1926, and had been highly acclaimed. He was prosperous, famous and a friend of the famous: G. B. Shaw, William Butler Yeats, Augustus John, George Jean Nathan, Eugene O'Neill, Oliver St. John Gogarty, Barry Fitzgerald, Harold Macmillan, Lady Londonderry, Nancy Astor. For the new Mrs. O'Casey, the change from kicking her heels in a chorus line to being married to Sean must have been a bit breathtaking. As it turned out, life would never again be so easy or so intoxicating. The year after their marriage Yeats wrote a patronizing letter on behalf of Dublin's Abbey Theatre in which he rejected O'Casey's new play, *The Silver Tassie*, a decision Sean never properly forgave his former friend and defender. Although the play was produced and well received in London, the success didn't last. From the early 1930s until 1962, when the film rights to his autobiography were sold, the O'Caseys were continually plagued with money troubles. In 1931 they had to give up their smart London house and move out to the country. But the snobbery and pettiness of a Buckinghamshire village were too much for them, so they moved back to a rambling but inexpensive apartment in Battersea, on "the wrong side" of the Thames. Then, when even that proved beyond their means, they decamped with their three children to Devon, where they stayed for the rest of Sean's life.

In cheerful, garrulous prose, Mrs. O'Casey faithfully records their years together: the comings and goings, the visits from friends and admirers, the occasional, mostly disappointing, productions of the later plays. She is also frank about her own private disaster: a momentary lapse with her old lover from the days before Sean, which led to a pregnancy and an abortion. Despite all this, the book's final effect is disappointing. Everything is there and yet, curiously, nothing is there.

I referred earlier to Mrs. O'Casey's vagueness about dates. The truth is that she is vague about everything—above all, about her beloved husband. Naturally, she provides some fascinating insights, particularly about his working habits: he never got going, for example, until late afternoon, then continued far into the night; he wrote slowly, painfully, and in longhand; the reviews and articles he churned out to keep their bread buttered were invariably an agony to him. Only the plays were sometimes a pleasure to write: "When beginning a play, he sang a good deal; it was as if the rhythm, mostly of Irish folk songs, helped his thoughts." The author also gives details of the chronic eye complaint, contracted as a child in the Dublin slums, which tormented the playwright throughout his life and left him, in the end, almost blind.

Fascinating as these snippets of information are, they fail to add up to a portrait of the man. What is missing is precisely that strange personal quality and richness that made Sean O'Casey one of the theatrical geniuses of his time. Thus, although he was besotted with words and carried on a lifelong and public love affair with the English—or rather, English-as-spoken-by-the-Irish—language, Mrs. O'Casey never manages to convey any sense of his bristling linguistic presence. One would never even know that he was regarded as a brilliant talker. Nor is there any trace of the fire and humor that made him, above all, a great satirist. Even his politics scarcely come into the story, despite the fact that O'Casey was, in his idiosyncratic way, a zealous communist. Mrs. O'Casey mentions her husband's admiration for Jim Larkin, who was, as she reminds us each time his name appears, "the great Irish trade unionist," but she seems far more pleased at his having got on well with such glamorous High Tory figures as Macmillan and the Marchioness of Londonderry. Only towards the end do her husband's politics become briefly

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but tragically important to her: in the fall of 1956 their younger son Niall came down from London to argue out with his father his confusion and despair at the Russian invasion of Hungary. But Sean would not budge from his orthodoxy, and the young man drove back to town the same night with all his questions unanswered. Shortly after Christmas Niall died suddenly of leukemia; he was only twenty. It was an appalling tragedy—one that his parents survived only with difficulty—and Mrs. O'Casey describes it movingly.

On the subject of her husband, however, her prose remains too loose and unspecific ever to bring either the man or the artist properly into focus. Moreover, Mrs. O'Casey deals only with the relatively settled years after his reputation was established. Sean's long struggle out of the slums, his fight to educate himself while he ground away as a clerk and a manual laborer, was behind him, as were the years of the Dublin lock-out and the street fighting during the Troubles, when he was secretary of the Irish Citizen Army. By 1926 he had written his greatest plays, his beloved mother was long dead, and he had left Dublin. As was true of so many of the finest Irish writers—Joyce, Beckett, Shaw—O'Casey could only continue to flourish by getting away from the bigoted, backbiting claustrophobia of his native island:

> Where are the indomitable Irish about whom the poet sang? Gone to cover? Looks like there isn't an arm or a leg of them left. They have left for other lands to get outside of the ecclesiastical iron curtain; a cause of emigration that is never mentioned.

The other cause, which O'Casey himself does not mention in this blast written in 1958, is that Dublin-bred literary envy and malice which had so often been directed against him and his plays. Ireland remained his subject, but to write about it he needed to be at a safe distance. England, mild and indifferent, may have been less exciting; at least it left him in peace.

And that, in the end, is all any author wants. For writing is, after all, a sedentary, middle-class occupation. Even the most revolutionary writer remains hunched at his desk, hour after hour, month after month; what is worse, he is never really happy anywhere else. The Bohemian life is for the young or the not quite authentic, who have nothing better to do. Totally dedicated to his work, O'Casey became all but a recluse. Once having settled in Devon, he practically never left the place. Indeed, it would seem that he seldom dined out or visited friends. He was obviously devoted to his family, yet the real center of his life was his study: his old furniture from the Dublin days, his books, his coat and hat hanging behind the door, his boots in the fireplace. Sean even slept in his study. As Camus once remarked apropos of Nietzsche, one can live a life of the utmost risk without ever leaving one's room.

There is no hint that Mrs. O'Casey, despite her youth and former career, was ever bored after she gave up the stage or ever seriously hungered for another style of life. She always preferred older men, she writes, which, given her background, is hardly surprising. Her parents had a bad marriage and eventually separated after her father had left the Church and gambled away the family home. Eileen remembers him adoringly as tall and handsome, although the face that peers out of the wedding photograph is haunted, almost hunted. He went off to South Africa and returned in the middle of a depressive breakdown. Shortly thereafter, he died in a mental hospital. His daughter, farmed out at an orphanage at the time of his death, never got over it: "I had developed a romantic love for him; throughout life I would look for a father-figure rather than a husband."

Eventually, of course, she found both in Sean, but before that she had to cope with a series of unspeakable schools and an impossible mother. Forever grieving for an older son who had died as a child, her mother was one of those tight-laced, joyless, middle-class women, obsessively clean and tidy, who use religion as an excuse for natural prudishness. She could never bear the happiness her daughter's beauty so effortlessly won her, and she always disapproved of Sean who, although famous, was an atheist, a communist, hard up, and by no means patient with this difficult mother-in-law. Yet she was always around, staying with the O'Caseys or nearby, sticking her angular spanner into the domestic machine, carrying on about the children's education and fighting with one more or less forbearing landlady after another. She also took to the bottle in a secretive but spectacular way. Living to a very ripe old age (again, no precise figures are given), she died only two years before Sean.

Mrs. O'Casey makes no bones about the fact that life with mother was never anything except a guilt-ridden, but mostly savage, running battle. Yet, oddly enough, the old monster emerges from her daughter's book with something akin to the vividness of an O'Casey character, though lacking the requisite wit and sense of style. Eileen has made up for a lifetime of irritation by bringing this woman to life in her memoir. It is a pity that all her love and devotion do not quite manage to do the same for that obstinate, brilliant, passionate old man who was her husband.

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Book Business

Alan Green

In October 1897, Frank Nelson Doubleday (known to his associates as F.N.D. and nicknamed "Effendi" by Rudyard Kipling) joined with magazine publisher S. S. McClure to form the new book publishing house of Doubleday & McClure. Throughout successive changes in name—first to Doubleday Page, then to Doubleday Doran, and most recently to Doubleday & Company—the firm has remained a privately-held, indeed a family-owned, concern. In its seventy-five years Doubleday has published such varied and celebrated authors as Kipling, T. E. Lawrence, A. Conan Doyle, O. Henry, W. Somerset Maugham, Hugh Walpole, Joseph Conrad, Georges Clemenceau, Edna Ferber, Dwight Eisenhower, and Daphne du Maurier.

When Doubleday & McClure was founded it was purely a book publisher. Today, Doubleday comprises a book publishing division, three large printing plants and binderies, more than twenty book clubs, thirty-two bookstores from Boston to San Francisco, a textbook house, a subscription-book operation, several TV and radio stations, an audio-visual materials division, an advertising agency, a sales company representing American publishers abroad, and (in London) an independent book packager. This year the book publishing division will issue about 700 hardcover and paperback titles, one of which will be a special seventy-fifth-anniversary book: *Secret Memoirs of a Publisher*, written in the 1920s by "Effendi" and covering the events at Doubleday from 1897 to 1923. Nostalgia, yes. Trivia, no.

That's not the only anniversary being celebrated this year. Did you know that Churchill and Roosevelt worked together for a common good in 1912?

That's right, 1912.

In that year Arthur Train (how many still remember the Mr. Tutt stories in the *SEP*?) organized a group of authors to protest certain unfair copyright practices affecting the creators of magazine fiction. Out of this nucleus the Authors League came into being, then as now enlisting the support and membership of professional American writers. Among the founders were Gertrude Atherton, Rupert Hughes, Booth Tarkington, and Ellen Glasgow. The League's first president was Winston Churchill—not the Briton of "blood, sweat and tears," but the American novelist of such very successful historical romances as *Richard Carvel*, *The Crisis*, and *The Inside of the Cup*. Its first vice president was a man with previous vice presidential experience, Theodore Roosevelt, author of *The Winning of the West*, *The Strenuous Life* and *True Americanism*. The League, which gave birth in 1921 to the Dramatists Guild and the Authors Guild, has remained a combining parent body. Sire and offspring alike devote their attention to such matters as the never-ending fight for freedom of expression, an equitable tax break for writers (whose creativity is as subject to depletion as an oil well), better contracts and, as in the beginning, new and fairer copyright provisions. Years ago the Dramatists Guild won for its members a minimum basic contract without which a play cannot be produced on Broadway. The Authors Guild most frequently sides with the book publishers in doing combat to protect the rights of writers, but occasionally clashes with them—as in the Guild's objection now to paid advertising in paperbacks.

The 1927 theatrical season was brightened by a new Theatre Guild production called *The Second Man*; in 1964, *But for Whom Charlie* was staged by the brand-new Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center. They were, respectively, the first and the latest plays of S. N. Behrman, one of America's most acclaimed playwrights, and also among its most devoted diarists. The friends Behrman has made in the course of his adult lifetime (in *The Worcester Account* he wrote of his boyhood) range from Mr. Justice Frankfurter to Lynn Fontanne, from art critics to journalists, from movie moguls to novelists. In sixty diary volumes he recorded time spent and conversations swapped with these cronies, as well as the changing patterns of the world they helped to shape. Now, drawing upon those journals, he has written his memoirs, *People in a Diary*, which Little, Brown will publish next June. In his preamble Behrman writes: "An odd quirk of destiny has put a great many people in my way. I want in this book to return to them. I want to revive their society, to share their tribulations and their laughter."

In 1952, Behrman wrote *Duveen*, a biography of the noted art dealer, Sir Joseph Duveen. Published as a multipart profile in *The New Yorker*, and later as a book, it is being reissued by Little, Brown coincident with the Behrman memoirs. The new edition will contain not only the original text but also pictures of Duveen's most famous tycoon-art-collector clients, along with reproductions of some of the great paintings he sold them. Not merely a spectacular purveyor, Duveen was also, as Behrman makes clear, one of the world's most discerning collectors. Behrman should know: a close friend and informant, a figure who looms large in his memoirs, was the fabled art critic Bernard Berenson.

In November, World published a new novel by José Yglesias. Called *The Truth About Them*, it is a largely autobiographical story of how a family of Spanish-Cuban ancestry, living in Tampa, moves into the American scene. In February, Houghton Mifflin will publish *How She Died*, a not-at-all-autobiographical first novel about two women and two ways of being a woman in our time. Its author is Helen Yglesias, José's wife. And this month Doubleday published *Hide Fox, And All After*, a generally autobiographical first novel about a prep school dropout by Rafael Yglesias, José's and Helen's seventeen-year-old son. Meanwhile, Louis Cole—who was first published in a Random House anthology, *The Movement Toward a New America*—is hard at work on his first novel. Louis Cole is José Yglesias's stepson. And that's what I call cottage industry!

Most mystery authors are content to make their readers' eyes bug, palms sweat and nerves jangle. Rex Stout adds a unique extra. He makes his readers' mouths water.

Stout's vast detective, Nero Wolfe, became fat in the most delectable way—he eats like Lucullus. Scarcely one of Stout's forty-five Neronian novels or novelettes fails to describe fabulous dishes, most of which are prepared for Wolfe's table by his master chef, Fritz Brenner. With Fritz in his kitchen, gourmet Nero need not even boil water. Stout, however, is both gifted concocter and hearty consumer. Now, with the assistance of Viking Press editors who have enthusiastically tied on their aprons to test and taste, Stout has reduced the fictional feasts to workable recipes. Two hundred of them will appear in *The Nero Wolfe Cookbook*, due to be served up this fall.

Another Stout item: The Guinness Stout people compile the *Guinness Book of World Records* to help bartenders settle such potentially inflammatory matters as: What was the tallest extinct elephant? Which golfer hit the longest drive into the wind? In the 1971 edition, I encountered an unbelievable statistic: The most people ever to die during a gladiatorial combat was 1,112. Unbelievable, that is, until I read: "The stands collapsed."

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LLOYD GEORGE:
A Diary by Frances Stevenson

edited by A. J. P. Taylor

Harper & Row, 338 pp., $10

Reviewed by Ralph G. Martin

■ Frances Stevenson, who became David Lloyd George's confidential secretary and mistress in 1912, when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, began keeping a diary in 1914—two years before he became Britain's Prime Minister. Although the then-Chancellor had invited the young woman to become his assistant "on his own terms, which," she observes, "were in direct conflict with my essentially Victorian upbringing," she was not, A. J. P. Taylor informs us in his preface, a "secretary in name only." Rather, Miss Stevenson was "a very efficient working secretary," who helped her eminent boss and lover write his speeches, accompanied him on important missions abroad, and "met all the great statesmen of the day." Well-educated, "she wrote down everything she heard and," as Professor Taylor adds, "understood what she was writing." Regarding the roots of her relationship with one of Great Britain's most intriguingly complex leaders—which lasted until his death in 1945, one year after the diarist had become Lady Lloyd-George—Frances Stevenson writes somewhat less fully. Scattered entries, however, prove helpful clues:

January 21st 1915
It is just two years since C. [Chancellor] & I were "married," and our love seems to increase rather than diminish. He says I have taken the place somewhat of [his daughter] Mair, "my little girl whom I lost," as he always calls her.

October 19th 1915
. . . D. does not like taking me about in his Gov. car, in case people fix on it for a scandal. I was rather sick about it, as I love driving with him, but D. made me cheer up, saying, "Never mind! We are 'doing' the world in spite of its spitefulness. There is much satisfaction in 'doing' the world! I have defied it for 25 years—treated it with contempt, spat upon its tinsel robes, and I have won through. If you pay homage to it in certain things, you can defy it in others as much as you like."

June 29th 1919
. . . I have never seen anyone with such a capacity for making a place uncomfortable as Mrs. Lloyd George. Her meanness forces the household to economise in coal & food, & everything that makes for comfort. The servants would be a disgrace to any house, & the P.M. is rightly ashamed of them. But it is no use his protesting—he says he gave that up long ago, because it had no effect & only caused unpleasantness.

The image of a Prime Minister who had just led his nation through the First World War retreating from the prospect of an unpleasant confrontation with his wife is only one of the many contradictory aspects of Lloyd George's life that Frances Stevenson's diary reveals. In his preface, Professor Taylor writes of this Welsh solicitor who attended neither Oxford nor Cambridge yet rose to the highest position of power in England: "His career was a bundle of contradictions: the Radical opponent of one war [the Boer War] who became the advocate of the knock-out blow in the next; the champion of the poor who became the associate of the rich; the oppressor of Ireland in the Troubles who then gave Ireland freedom. He helped to destroy the Liberal Party . . . yet always asserted his own attachment to Liberalism."

Spanning thirty years, Frances Stevenson's entries illuminate the twists and turns of David Lloyd George's feelings toward many people, including, most notably, the similarly headstrong Winston Churchill. "He would make a drum out of the skin of his own mother to sound his own praises," Miss Stevenson quotes her employer-lover as saying of Churchill at one point. And, again: "'He has spoilt himself by reading about Napoleon,' said D. to me." The result, according to Lloyd George, was that whenever Churchill "has an opportunity he throws it away through a desire to focus all the limelight on himself." Yet one of this book's final entries, dated May 27, 1944, is more mellow in its assessment of Churchill, who had become Prime Minister:

D. & I today discussed Lord Acton and his phrase "I have no contemporaries." I said the same thing might apply to D. He agreed, & said, "I regard Winston as my only contemporary. We have always been friends . . . ."

As such entries make clear, Miss Stevenson's diary is a passionately partisan record of what Lloyd George thought, felt, and did. Thus, though the diarist is quick to record his comments on others' foibles, she rarely notes flaws in her lover and practically never disagrees with his policies. When she does—as, for example, at the time of the Irish rebellion in April 1916—she is quick to qualify her criticism with self-doubt:

The Irish are angry with him: they think he should have upheld the original terms of the agreement, & I think they have reason to be angry . . . but on the other hand I feel that I must help him in every way

"But when I said I'd go with you wherever your career took you, I didn't know what a volcanologist was"

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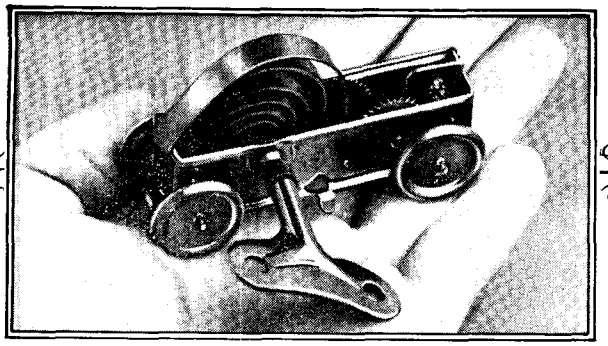

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that I can. Perhaps he has good cause for doing what he has done . . . .

At the time of the former Prime Minister's death, a British politician said of Lloyd George that he "could charm a bird off a branch but was himself always unmoved." Among the merits of this diary-memoir is that it shows its subject moved by a host of moods:

D. & I have been having some glorious times . . . at odd moments during the last few weeks. On these occasions he gets right away from politics. Sometimes he will quote reams of Welsh poetry, explaining and translating it as he goes along . . . . Sometimes he will discourse on the Welsh preachers, and give a mock sermon in the real Welsh style. Sometimes he will go quite mad, and tease and joke and fool like a ridiculous schoolboy . . . . He is always very sweet to me on these occasions, and we are so utterly happy. Coming up in the car the other morning he likened them to the oases which one comes to in a journey across the desert, and which even after leaving it keeps one's mind fresh until one comes to the next. We are going down tomorrow night, all being well, to another oasis!

Although it tells not only of such joys but also of loneliness and conflict and the usual problems of an open affair, Frances Stevenson's diary is not a complete record of her years with Lloyd George. There are unfinished sentences, missing years, and gaps at various crucial moments. What this diary does provide is an intimate and partial insight into one of the most fascinating political figures in recent British history.

Ralph G. Martin is the author of *Jennie: The Life of Lady Randolph Churchill, the Romantic Years, 1854-1895,* and *Jennie: The Life of Lady Randolph Churchill, the Dramatic Years, 1895-1921.*

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1489

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1489 will be found in the next issue.

NQ NF GZQ WEFR QZ OW E VCWQQR LZYEG LNQJZTQ KETFNGM YNFKJNWD.

—E. DCEGKW

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1488

There may be more beautiful times: but this one is ours.

SARTRE

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HEARTS:
Of Surgeons and Transplants, Miracles and Disasters Along the Cardiac Frontier

by Thomas Thompson

McCall, 304 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Gilbert Cant

■ Texas *has* to have the biggest of everything, for it's an old Texas belief that biggest means best. In affairs of the heart (surgical division) Houston not only outdoes the rest of Texas but even manages to outdo itself. Texas Medical Center located there has not just one but two of the world's most renowned institutes for what is perhaps the most challenging, and undoubtedly the most publicized, branch of surgery —that done inside the heart. And in acquiring these two centers Houston has set the stage for the most notorious and volcanic feud in the modern annals of medicine.

In one corner (Methodist Hospital) we have Professor Michael Ellis DeBakey, whose father migrated from Lebanon to the bayous of Louisiana, and who himself has made it to the point where *Hearts*-author Thomas Thompson can rightly call him the most powerful doctor in the United States today. In the other corner (St. Luke's Episcopal Hospital) is Dr. Denton Arthur Cooley, the high-born native Texan who trained under DeBakey and was his protégé but later broke with him.

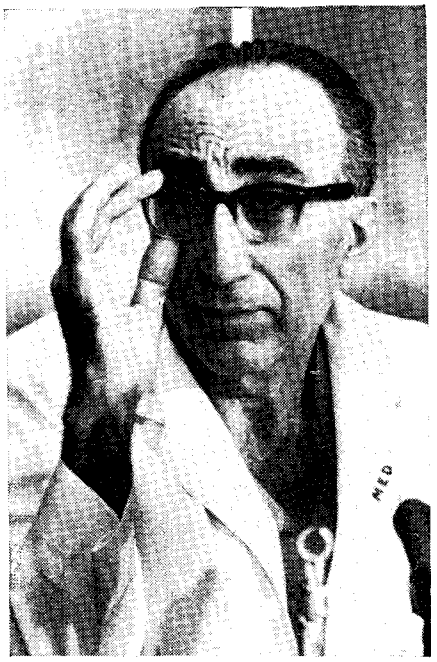
Hearts is the account of these two men's careers, of how they built their prestige and set up their institutes. It is, besides, a vivid reportorial description of the daily life-and-death routines in the antagonists' operating rooms. Only rarely lapsing into medical jargon ("transplants" designates the patients who receive them), Thompson skillfully delves into the human interest stories of patients and doctors alike. Born and raised in Texas, a sometime reporter on the now defunct *Houston Press* and former entertainment editor of *Life*, Thompson is an entertaining and painstaking reporter who spent months in Houston gathering material for this his first book. If Thompson's command of grammar (he can't tell "who" from "whom") and his knowledge of cardiac anatomy are not on a par with his reportorial skill, still, the heart's the thing. Or, in Houston, hundreds of hearts are the things from which medical fame and fortunes are made.

Thompson attempts to get to the heart of each of his adversaries, but, as he himself admits, he does not altogether succeed. He does, however, record what each party to this feud does. The reader is exhausted by the mere recital of a typical DeBakey day: the ungodly hour at which he rises, how he races through a grueling operating-room schedule, then flies to New York to brief Mary Lasker on what her influential foundation should lobby for, hurries by shuttle to Washington to help Teddy Kennedy draft a national health insurance bill, and dashes by plane to Podunk to pick up an award before returning to Houston to administer the Baylor College of Medicine, of which he is president. If Michael DeBakey is the drivin'est man in all Texas, he must also be the most driven. But why?

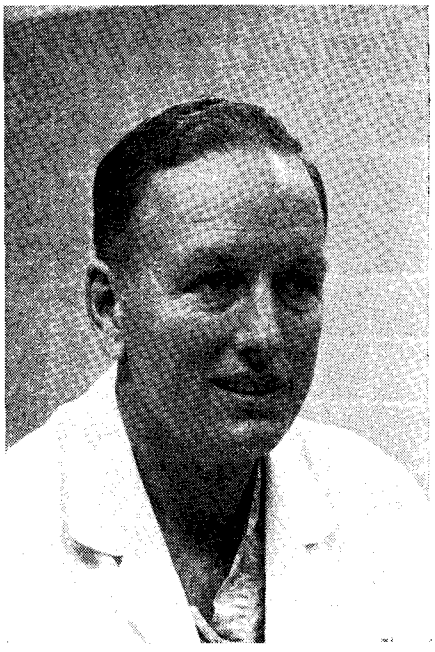
Cooley is different. Born to wealth and the Texas equivalent of high society, he is a latter-day Adonis who is as suave as DeBakey is abrasive, as outwardly calm as DeBakey is explosive, as detached as DeBakey is involved. Yet Cooley, too, is driven. If DeBakey were to do four open-heart operations in a morning, Cooley would feel compelled to do six—and so on.

When Christiaan Barnard stole Norman Shumway's thunder by performing the first human heart transplant (Dr. Shumway had been doing laboratory research on transplantation for nearly a decade), both DeBakey and Cooley initially reacted with a mixture of delight, envy, and doubt. To DeBakey, this new development represented a potentially serious threat to his own pet project: he was getting millions of dollars for his research regarding the feasibility of constructing a man-made heart. Thus, although DeBakey congratulated his South African colleague for having made "a real breakthrough," he did not at first follow in this pioneer's path, insisting instead that transplants were only a "way station" on the road to an artificial heart. Cooley, too, was wary. On May 2, 1968, some five months after Barnard had transplanted a heart into Louis Washkansky, Cooley was, according to one surgeon quoted by Thompson, solemnly warning other cardiologists that transplants "needed more careful study, that the aura surrounding them is in questionable taste." Twenty-four hours later, however, Cooley was performing his first transplant. In three months DeBakey was doing likewise.

Then one by one, the patients living on borrowed hearts began to die. The great fad fell into disrepute. By this time, though, DeBakey was too busy with other projects to give sufficient time or encouragement to his artificial heart researcher, Dr. Domingo Liotta. Chagrined, Liotta went over to Cooley's camp, a mere hundred yards away. In April 1969, Dr. Cooley became "the first surgeon in history to implant an artificial heart into a patient." After this had kept the recipient alive for sixty-three hours, it was removed in favor of a "donor heart." Less than a day later the patient died—and scandal broke out in Houston. DeBakey insisted that Cooley and Liotta had "used the exact same heart" as the one he had developed. Liotta countered by saying that "if you don't have a man who will go ahead and take the risk, then my work is valueless." Cooley insisted the heart was not the same as DeBakey's and was intended only as a "resuscitative pump" to keep the patient alive until a donor heart could be found. And a Houston physician quoted by Thompson said in explanation of the ensuing feud: "You see, Denton not



Michael DeBakey—abrasive, involved.



Denton Cooley—suave, detached.

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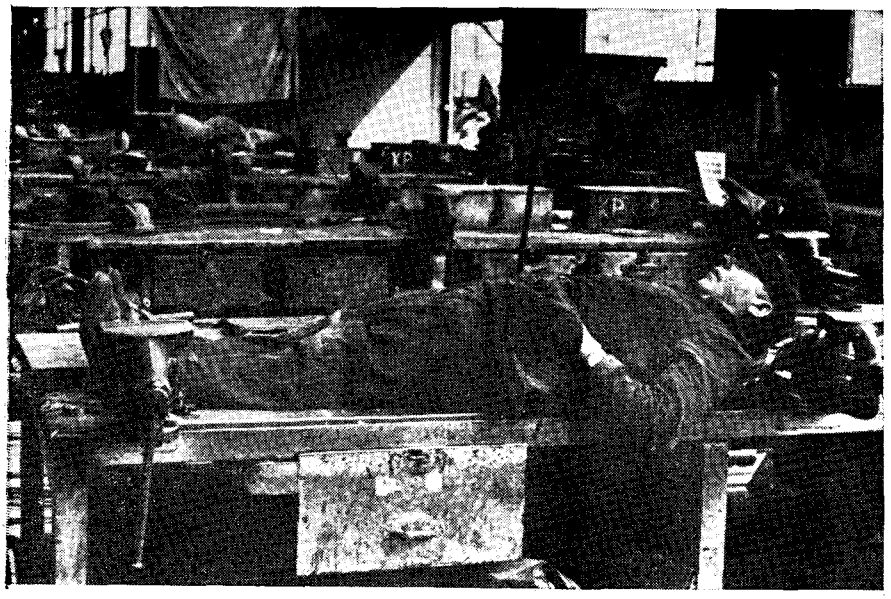

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THE VIKING PRESS

only stole Mike's heart, he broke it." Permitted to "resign" from Baylor, former Professor Cooley continues to operate with the same deftness and sure surgical judgment as ever for a gross take to St. Luke's Hospital of about $2-million a year.

Thompson makes a valiant effort to treat the two Texas giants of medicine with scrupulous fairness. The task, however, is virtually impossible. DeBakey does not go out of his way to please. (I happen to know him well and to like him, but *de gustibus*. . . .) Thompson found Cooley easier to talk to and he is, accordingly, more sympathetic to him.

And how does this Texas feud end? It's not over yet. Thompson provides the reader with an effective fade-out shot of the two former friends brought together on the neutral ground of a medical conference in San Francisco: "Everyone present felt the tension might suddenly shatter, that the two men would break from the clusters of admirers who surrounded them, that they might stride toward the center of the room and clasp hands and return to Houston as one. . . . Cooley, it was said, looked twice across his shoulder at DeBakey. But the older man, it was further said, no longer acknowledged that Denton Cooley was either present, or even alive."

Gilbert Cant, now freelancing, was for many years the medicine editor of *Time*.

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WIT TWISTER #254

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The — — — — — — novice, casting flies at dawn,

Respects the — — — — — — — where the large fish spawn;

But Commerce, that should value Nature more,

Too often is the — — — — — — of her store.

A. S.

(Answer on page 73)

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THE GERMANS

by Adolph Schalk

Prentice-Hall, 521 pp., $10

THE FAILURE OF ILLIBERALISM: Essays on the Political Culture of Modern Germany

by Fritz Stern

Knopf, 245 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Louis L. Snyder

■ Journalists and historians are practitioners of kindred professions. The relationship is very close. Journalism, as Matthew Arnold once observed, is "literature in a hurry." History, it might be added, is really journalism working in slow motion. These two books, one by an able journalist and the other by a distinguished historian, illustrate the complementarity of journalism and history. Both are concerned with the Germans and both throw much light upon a people described by one analyst as the stepchildren of Western civilization.

Adolph Schalk, an American journalist based in Switzerland, lived for eight years among the German people under the sponsorship of *Atlantik-Brücke* (Atlantic Bridge), an organization devoted to fostering American-German friendship. In Hamburg he established a monthly newspaper called *The Bridge*, which was designed to explain German life and culture primarily to American servicemen stationed in the Federal Republic. With this background Schalk wrote *The Germans*, a book that seeks to do for the Germans what Luigi Barzini accomplished in his study of the Italians. Schalk knows a great deal about present-day Germans and he writes in a brisk, no-nonsense style. He may fall short of equaling Barzini's virtuoso performance, but not by far.

A glutton for detail, Schalk offers the reader a kind of guidebook that out-Baedekers the irrepressible Karl. Every phase of German life, from abortions to cafés, from nudist clubs to *Lederhosen*, is carefully scrutinized through a rose-tinted magnifying glass. In this mélange of history and sociology, Schalk deftly copes with such topics as German nationalism, the role of Prussia, the democratic tradition, the Hitler legacy, anti-Semitism, the national guilt complex, the generation gap, "the vanishing Gretchen," and "the great American inundation."

Schalk frankly admits that his study "is not intended to be either scholarly or scientific," and he disclaims trying to prove or disprove any thesis. His aim, he writes, "is to describe the Germans as I found them, as I know them and, with all my foibles and shortcomings, as I love them, with all their foibles and shortcomings."

In his preface Schalk denies the validity of national character ("I have gone to great pains in this book to try to show that there is no such thing as a national German character or 'the' German mentality"), and then devotes much of the balance of his thick volume to persistent behavior patterns of the Germans. Had Schalk been more attentive to the meaning of national character, as distinct from racial character, and had he recognized its limited validity, his work would be even better than it is. Moreover, he would have been well advised to distinguish between stereotypes and national character, and to acknowledge how important stereotypes are, if for no other reason than that so many people believe in them.

In his sympathetic study Schalk sees present-day Germans as affected by the worldwide wave of unrest and social upheaval and, more specifically, as in the beginning stage of a process of democratic maturation imbued with ideals and concepts of success quite different from those held by previous generations. The Germans, Schalk reports, have muted their old excessive nationalism. They have achieved an economic miracle. They have become Americanized to such an extent that, Schalk notes, there are now hundreds of Wild West clubs, where Teutonic cowpokes who have never been west of the Rhine can sit down to a knackwurst while flinging out such greetings as *"Was ist los, Geronimo?" "Wie geh'ts, Davy Crockett?"* and *"Guten Morgen, Sittung Bull!"*

The Failure of Illiberalism, by Fritz Stern, Seth Low Professor of History at Columbia University and one of our finest interpreters of the German past, consists of a group of Professor Stern's essays on subjects that range in time from Bismarck's Reich to Willy Brandt's Bonn Republic. Such collections are frequently haphazard; this one is not. Throughout his book Stern reveals a fine sense of continuity in his thinking. Furthermore, the lucidity of his prose makes his insights into both the history and people of Germany accessible to professional and amateur German-watchers alike.

The unifying theme of Stern's book is illiberalism in German society and its tragic failure in German history. In a scintillating introduction Stern spells out exactly what his central concept means:

> Imperial Germany has been depicted in many ways: conservative, authoritarian, Bonapartist. It seems to me that the character of Imperial Germany after 1878 can best be caught in the term "illiberal." By illiberalism I mean not only the structure

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of the political regime, suffrage restrictions, or class chicanery, but a state of mind. For just as liberalism bespeaks a state of mind, so does its negation. Illiberalism first of all constituted a commitment in mind and policy against any further concession to democracy, even at the price of one's political independence. Any concession in any realm might undermine the authority, prestige, and status of the entire system.

Professor Stern applies his measuring rod with commendable consistency. He describes the failures of illiberal German society and the political consequences of the unpolitical German. He traces the nexus of money and morals in Bismarck's society, giving special attention to the relations between the Iron Chancellor and his banker, Gerson Bleichröder. (Scholars are looking forward eagerly to Stern's study on this subject.) After analyzing Theobald Bethmann Hollweg's responsibility for the outbreak of the First World War, Stern traces developments from Weimar to Bonn, with particular emphasis on the collapse of the Weimar Republic and the work of Konrad Adenauer.

Stern's final chapter, describing his return to Berlin, is, in contrast to the scholarly tone of the preceding pages, cast in a reportorial style matching that of Schalk. What Stern sees in recent years confirms his view that the German past and present have a specific relevance to the study of liberalism, "the institutionalization of decency." "Even in today's democracy," Professor Stern writes, "the Germans occasionally manifest the fact that they never went through a liberal phase. Their history can be read as an object lesson in the failure of illiberalism." Liberalism in practice is often too dull, and frequently excessively tolerant of what should be intolerable. For the Germans the fog of illiberalism has frequently been exciting. In the short run it has been efficient; in the long run, catastrophic.

The most arresting chapter is Stern's reasoned defense of Fritz Fischer, the embattled historian of the University of Hamburg, whose extraordinary study of German war aims in World War I appeared in 1961. Backed by a massive array of new evidence, Fischer presented a picture of aggressive German imperialism before 1914. This important study, which was damaging to the German revisionist cause, was greeted with an uproar that shattered the calm of the German historical guild. Fischer's colleagues accused him of being an intellectual traitor and, in a series of shocking personal polemics, denounced him for "fouling his own nest." When a projected lecture tour by Fischer to the United States, sponsored by an agency of the German government, was unexpectedly canceled, a group of American historians, including Stern, took over sponsorship of the trip for this "Ralph Nader among German historians."

Stern admits that Fischer's thesis requires scholarly criticism and perhaps subsequent correction, but at the same time he expresses grateful recognition for the German historian's contribution to understanding the history of World War I. "Perhaps one should also acknowledge that it took greater courage to present new perspectives on this subject than on a less sensitive subject."

Authors and publishers are to be congratulated on the publication of both these books—one a journalistic gem, the other an example of the very best in American historiography.

Louis L. Snyder's new book, *The Dreyfus Case: A Documentary History*, will be published later this year.

"I'm very sorry, sir, but this is a stand-up bar."

THE DECLINE OF THE WASP

by Peter Schrag

Simon & Schuster, 255 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Fred Darwin

■ What Peter Schrag sees as the decline of the white Anglo-Saxon Protestant in America could be viewed more positively as "The Rise of the Ethnic": a partial fulfillment of the American Dream in ways never anticipated by its WASP creators.

The so-called "ethnic American" (the Italians, Jews, blacks, Slavs . . .) rose, not by seizing the levers of power (money or political clout beyond mere tokenism) nor by grabbing the reins of the corporate state (the banks and the insurance companies), but by capturing the imagination of the people—particularly the young—and their culture. He surprised America by becoming fashionable. Ironically, he did so largely by assuming, and adapting to his own uses, the most colorful aspects of the original frontier WASP—the "rugged individual," quick-tempered, rough-mannered, and contemptuous of authority—who, in the process of his evolution into a tired tory, has become fat, querulous, insecure and a bore both to his offspring and to himself.

For years the "ethnic" more closely (albeit unwittingly) resembled the tamers of the wilderness than did the WASP, to whom he surrendered the right to define America in non-ethnic terms. He accepted the dogma that America was not yet ready for true diversity; that non-WASPSs, like any heathen horde charitably conceded to be children of God, could be salvaged for the march to national glory (though possibly in the rear platoons) only by wearing the uniform of the WASP and by subscribing to his codes.

> Growing up to be an American [writes Schrag] was enshrined in WASP terms. . . . When the system worked, it worked only on WASP terms; you changed your name and junked your accent and named your children Lynn and Shelley and Morris, and you didn't mind their growing contempt for your ethnicity. . . . Ultimately the WASP ethic was itself commercialized; it was packaged and sold to the greenhorns off the boat and the rubes off the farm: plastic surgeons for nose jobs, hair straighteners, "beauty consultants," orthodontists. . . . Transformation and assimilation were sold on the open market; you learned that "success" began by redoing yourself.

Schrag describes the ethnic's revenge with obvious gusto. Each page of this angry montage is an implicit shout of "We *have* overcome!" The lie of the melting pot is exposed, forever debunked. Jews can be Jews now—it's

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safe at last. Blacks can be black, and beautiful. Italians can retain the vowels at the end of their names.

But though the WASP may have declined, and is therefore down, he is by no means out. As Schrag notes, the WASP establishment "still retains considerable mystique and money . . . [it] can still *buy* things. And people." Richard Nixon still speaks from the White House on behalf of the WASPs, and Spiro Agnew "functions in part as a surrogate for the establishment, as a symbol of power attacking permissiveness and promiscuity around which anxious men can rally." The Justice Department continues to pursue the Black Panthers and the dirty hippie kids, and to prosecute their heroes—increasingly confident that its convictions will be sustained on ultimate appeal to an overwhelmingly WASPish Supreme Court. The manned space program remains a WASP preserve (except for the "little people behind the scenes"). Neil Armstrong was the spitting image of Jack—"the all-American boy"—stepping on the moon for all mankind. And he was followed by a succession of other WASPs:

> Aldrin, Cooper, Conrad, Borman, Lovell, Grissom, Shepard. . . . Where were Capoletti and Waszelewski? Where was Barney Greenwald? Was it possible to conceive of NASA sending a Negro, a Jew or a woman? Muhammad Ali, maybe? Joe Namath? Norman Mailer (who wanted to go)?

WASP culture has its agents inside the ethnic camps, too. George Plimpton, "arch voyeur" and "WASP purveyor of with-it-ness," steps into the ring with Archie Moore and goes out on the field with the Yankees and the Lions to indulge in sports "activities saturated with ethnics, with people who are still making it . . . to report back on how it feels." Meanwhile, John Gardner and Ramsey Clark offer the ethnics sanitized protest. And Hugh Hefner, the adult male WASP's Walt Disney, brings them sanitized sex, with airbrushed naked ladies displayed as consumer items alongside their equivalents in gadgetry: sports cars and tape recorders.

What Philip Wylie did to Mom nearly thirty years ago, Peter Schrag has done to the WASP, perhaps even more devastatingly. There are, of course, still plenty of Moms around, and there will, presumably, always be lots of WASPs in America. Yet they can no longer comfortably pose as the epitome of America itself. Ethnic diversity in a really pluralistic society has become a respectable goal if not a fact. And things will never be the same again down by the old mainstream.

Fred Darwin is a radio news commentator for station WTFM, New York.

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AN ACCIDENTAL MAN

by Iris Murdoch

Viking, 442 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Gina Mallet

■ Henry Adams defined philosophy as "unintelligible answers to insoluble problems." In her fourteenth novel, *An Accidental Man*, Iris Murdoch waxes disconcertingly philosophical, in Adams's sense of the word. Indeed, her inquiry into the human situation here assumes the challenging aspect of the Minotaur's labyrinth.

Gothic and gloomy, *An Accidental Man* is a fable of unbridled egoism worked out in the moral vacuum of London in the affluent Sixties. A series of bizarre incidents and complicated relationships turns the Gibson Grey brothers' mutual hatred into a tangle of violence. Matthew Gibson Grey, a retired diplomat, comes home from a Japanese monastery to attempt a reconciliation with his younger brother, Austin, whom he injured as a child. Now middle-aged, Austin is an accident-prone loser whose only talent is for turning his personal misfortunes into everyone else's hell. Driving too fast in Matthew's new car, he kills a six-year-old girl who runs in front of it. Later, in a fight with the girl's blackmailing stepfather, Austin nearly (if again accidentally) kills him, too. Subsequently he kills an owl with a brick and destroys Matthew's collection of Chinese porcelain.

Matthew's course is less obviously destructive. His equivocal reputation in London ("Matthew was much talked about in the 'set,' not always with respect") attracts Ludwig Leferrier, an American draft dodger whose moral and other problems—he is on the verge of marrying a very wealthy young woman—in turn attract Matthew to him. As the Gibson Greys' centripetal drama unfolds, a Greek chorus of hedonistic Londoners observes and judges them.

Until now Iris Murdoch's special talent has been to make such goings-on entertaining, if not exactly credible. Borrowing freely from the Theatre of the Absurd, she has juggled a multiplicity of styles while deftly blending illusion and reality. This time Miss Murdoch fumbles. The familiar mood of undefined menace is here spelled out rather cumbersomely in cocktail party chatter, in flurries of letters, and in interior monologues. In this instance, too, the quite ordinary people whom Miss Murdoch invests with mythic proportions, Wagnerian egos, and Krafft-Ebing sex lives seem overwhelmed by the situations their author has contrived for their discomfort. The result is less ironic commentary on man's existential absurdity than unwitting revelation of the creator's distaste for her characters.

Most importantly, *An Accidental Man* fails to convince on an emotional level because not only is there no connection between the characters' thoughts and their actions, but these schismatic people are devoid of distinct individuality as well. Self-analysis, regardless of who indulges in it, monotonously follows the same route and comes up with the same generalities. Interior monologues are even occasionally banal. Matthew, having just emerged from a Buddhist retreat, is caught ruminating: "The West studies suffering, the East studies death. How utterly different these things are, as indeed the Greeks had always known, that deeply secret Oriental people."

The intelligence, compassion, and insight into moral development that inform many of Iris Murdoch's previous novels suggested that she might write as comprehensive and moving a novel about people caught in the gears of the Technological Revolution as *Middlemarch* was about those living through the Industrial Revolution. So far she hasn't. Nevertheless, when Murdoch is good, she can be cogent, compelling, and very funny. Conversely, when she is only so-so, as in *An Accidental Man*, one wonders about her: Is she just playing clever games here, dipping into sensationalism and literary black magic to cloak her lack of creative focus?

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

THE END

Each quotation constitutes the closing words of a familiar work of fiction. Laurel M. Hortsch of Portland, Oregon, merely asks you to assign the quotations to their respective authors. Answers on page 73.

1. Old father, old artificer, stand me now and ever in good stead. ( )
2. The creatures outside looked from pig to man, . . . but already it was impossible to say which was which. ( )
3. A COCK and a BULL, said Yorick—And one of the best of its kind, I ever heard. ( )
4. And before nightfall a shocked and respectful world received the news of his decease. ( )
5. . . . remembrance of a particular form is but regret for a particular moment; and houses, roads, avenues are as fugitive, alas, as the years. ( )
6. Yes, she thought, laying down her brush in extreme fatigue, I have had my vision. ( )
7. "She's never found peace since she left his arms, and never will again till she's as he is now!" ( )
8. "That's very well said, . . . but one must cultivate one's own garden. ( )
9. They endured. ( )
10. Pablo was waiting for me, and Mozart too. ( )
11. It now only remained that my gratitude in good fortune should exceed my former submission in adversity. ( )
12. "John Thomas says good night to Lady Jane, a little droopingly, but with a hopeful heart." ( )

a. Faulkner
b. Goldsmith
c. Hardy
d. Hesse
e. Joyce
f. Lawrence
g. Mann
h. Orwell
i. Proust
j. Sterne
k. Voltaire
l. Virginia Woolf

VENDETTA OF SILENCE

by Ann Cornelisen

Atlantic-Little, Brown, 242 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Walter Guzzardi, Jr.

■ Ann Cornelisen, an American who has lived in Italy for many years, is a member of that special brand of expatriates who have not so much left America as they have fallen under the thrall of Italian culture. The strange, isolated, suffering, yet vicious part of that culture which is generically known as the Mezzogiorno, and which is described in Harold Pinter's *Old Times* as "a lobster culture with lobster sauce," has especially won Miss Cornelisen's marvelous *simpatia*. Like *Torregreca*, her fine first book, *Vendetta of Silence* quietly unfolds in southern Italy—that rocky, improverished, and forgotten region which, in recent times, has been explored by only one novelist approaching Ann Cornelisen's stature: Carlo

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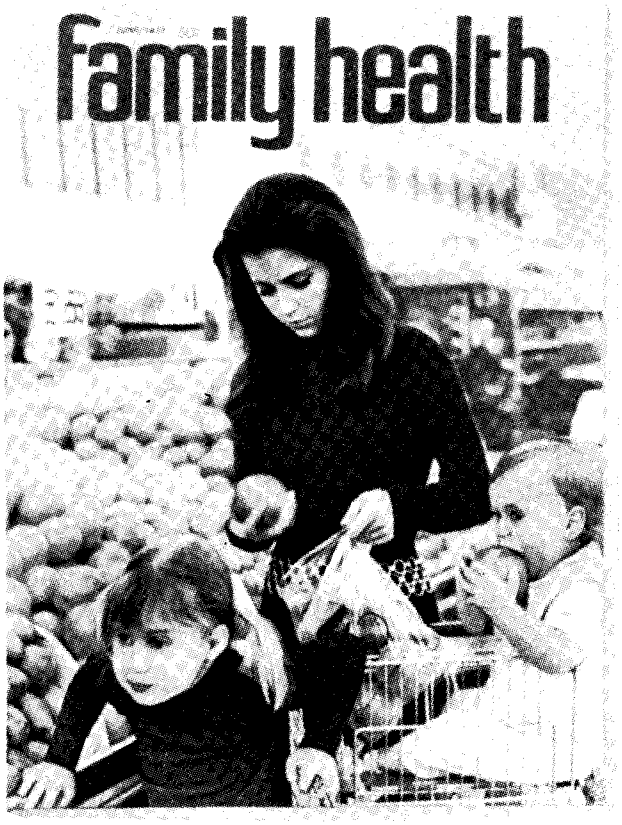

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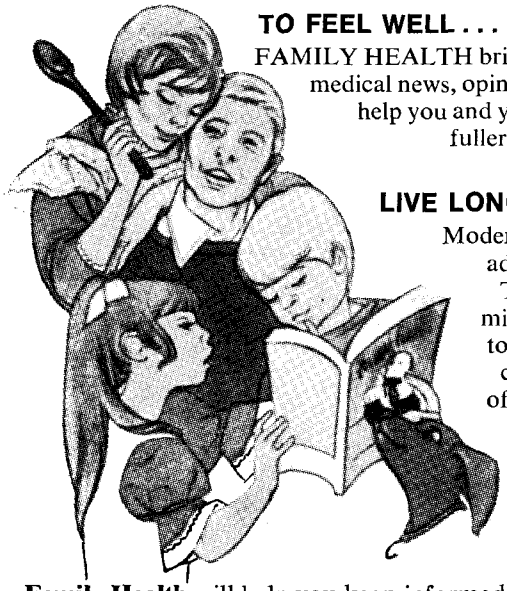

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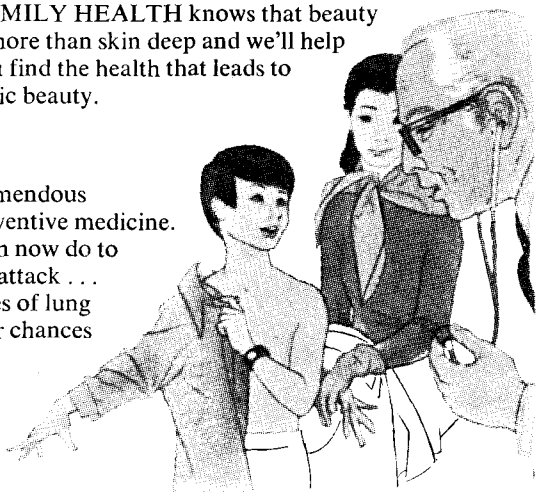

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Levi, the author of *Christ Stopped at Eboli.* Compared to the expatriate American, the Italian is rather ponderous.

Employing a technique reminiscent of John Fowles's *The French Lieutenant's Woman,* Miss Cornelisen opens with an intriguing Author's Note. It informs the reader that, while "the names of the characters in this book were invented by me . . . , by some evil genius they coincide with names of real people. . . . As for the story—at the request of my publishers and my lawyer, I have agreed to call this a novel. Perhaps it is more comfortable to think of it as such." Then, using diary entries, letters, newspaper accounts, and first-person narrative, she proceeds to weave a compelling tale whose generally restrained tone permits the occasional act of violence to explode with convincing force:

For a second the two men stood directly under a light and a face twisted with pain flashed upward as he screeched once more: Tommaso, the man with the jowls who had already lost one fight. His legs began to melt under him. He was jerked up and held in a brutal hug by Bruno Ferri, who bared his teeth deliberately and then clamped onto his victim's ear and tugged and gnawed and wrenched at it until blood streamed down the man's neck. . . . The ear! Why the ear? Why?

"Because, under our laws, a bite does not constitute assault. Hitting, yes. Biting, no. Have you never seen men here fight?"

The fight breaks out in San Basilio—an imaginary town in the "instep" province of Lucania. (Its inhabitants would properly be called *Basiliani*; Miss Cornelisen ironically calls them Basilisks.) The brutality of this and other struggles reflects not only the passionate intensity of southern Italians, but also their oddly strong respect for the law. Yet even the law serves the Basilisks as a means of scoring off each other:

In southern Italy lawsuits are the regional sport. For the poor they are a gamble, the only one open to them: some crumb of property may be gained when before they had nothing. Brothers sue brothers over a half-acre of hillside so bare even goats spurn it. . . . In San Basilio even the Bishop has joined the lists, charging the retired sacristan . . . with the theft of a pair of candlesticks.

From intriguing start to enigmatic end, Miss Cornelisen's book reveals a wealth of remarkably keen perceptions and a style that is always appropriate to its purpose. Whatever it is—fiction or fact—*Vendetta of Silence* is exceeding good.

Walter Guzzardi, Jr., a former resident of Rome, is a longtime student of Italian history and literature.

"Margaret! What's this I read about you coming out for zero population growth!"

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Criminal Record

Fiction

The Phone Calls. *By Lillian O'Donnell. Putnam. $4.95.* The damsel is a policewoman and she is in distress, indeed, being the bait employed to trap a psychopath. This sick creature uses the telephone to torture newly widowed women with their guilty secrets. In each case the calls have resulted in the woman's death. Mrs. O'Donnell's mystery is a real page-turner, as the publishing trade calls those books the reader won't want to put down.

Path of Ghosts. *By Robert MacLeod. McCall. $4.95.* In his new adventure, Talos Cord of the United Nations Field Reconnaissance sets off for Switzerland, where the spring thaw has uncovered the body of Jon Barthell's mistress. Barthell is a South American guerrilla leader, long presumed dead. Could he be alive in Europe, perhaps planning a new revolution? By the time Cord has found answers to these questions, he is confronted by new riddles and a host of perils. If you are still turned on by heroes who kill casually and who survive all sorts of punishment, *Path* may click for you. Personally, I'm rather weary of them.

Gideon's Art. *By J. J. Marric. Harper & Row. $5.95.* The problem facing Scotland Yard and fiction's popular Commander George Gideon is the theft of a Velásquez painting from London's National Gallery. The heist is cleverly plotted, and the author's researches into the art world are interesting, as are the routine, secondary cases that plague Gideon and his men.

Death in a Sunny Place. *By Richard Lockridge. Lippincott. $5.50.* Enid Towne accepts Lilian Stanton's invitation to visit The Hilltop Club in North Carolina because Aunt Lily says she needs her niece's reassuring company. Although all seems well when Enid arrives, the next morning a guest's body is fished out of the lake. What follows leads up, with a minimum of suspense, to a solution that fails to surprise.

If You Want to See Your Wife Again . . . *By John Craig. Putnam. $5.95.* Three associates on a recently axed TV soap opera decide to kidnap the star who doused the suds by running off to marry a millionaire. Craig lightens his attention-holding tale with humor, and he concludes with a nifty, if not totally unpredictable twist. He never, however, quite managed to convince this reader that a writer, a casting director, and a producer would actually resort to kidnaping. Result: a credibility gap that spoils a lot of the subsequent fun.

Malicious Mischief. *By Lesley Egan. Harper & Row. $5.95.* Herewith some of the woes of the Glendale, Calif., police: an old lady whose eyesight was so poor that she could not possibly have identified the man who burgled her cottage is found murdered; a mother and her two children are killed by a hit-and-run driver; a dog-snatcher whose targets are animals that haven't been obedience-trained is on the loose; a marijuana pusher's cache proves hard to locate. While the author keeps these various plot lines properly taut, he shows less expertise on matters involving police procedure. This robs his story of the feel of inside-authenticity that one finds, for example, in the Ed McBain 87th Precinct series.

Three Minutes to Midnight. *By Mildred Davis. Random House. $5.95.* At a carnival shooting gallery, Blair's father wins a teddy bear. The bear contains a note that wasn't meant for his eyes. Minutes later Blair sees her parents plunge from the top of a Ferris wheel. Her mother is killed, her father turned into a near-vegetable, leaving twenty-one-year-old Blair in charge of her three younger sisters as danger moves in on the household. While I question some of the author's plotting and find most of the impossibly bright dialogue hard to take (real girls don't talk like that), I must confess that I read every word of this "suspense novel," which is gripping right up to its thoroughly satisfactory denouement.

The Danziger Transcript. *By Carl Fick. Putnam. $6.95.* Newsman Peter Danziger has lost his job under pressure from Washington. He is, in some undefined way, an enemy. Danziger demands a hearing to clear his name. The author leads us through every question and answer of the entire hearing, counterpointing its progress with flashbacks into the newsman's past. Unfortunately, the cloud of "justifiable suspicions" (to quote one of Danziger's interrogators) that hangs over the protagonist's head sticks around to make this mystery a rather murky affair. After a while the plot ceases to fascinate. Ultimately, it bores.

Haskel Frankel

Answer to Wit Twister, page 64:
rawest, waters, waster

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 e: (*Portrait of the Artist . . .*); 2h: (*Animal Farm*), 3j: (*Tristram Shandy*); 4g: (*Death in Venice*); 5i: (*Remembrance of Things Past*); 6l: (*To the Lighthouse*); 7c: (*Jude the Obscure*); 8k: (*Candide*); 9a: (*The Sound and the Fury*); 10d: (*Steppenwolf*); 11b: (*Vicar of Wakefield*); 12f: (*Lady Chatterley's Lover*).

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(Continued from page 73)

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(Continued from page 75)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1973

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Calif. mountain range, W boundary of Death Valley	58 63 69 72 120 162 173 188
B. Above suspicion	193 200 206 210 88 100 121 137 147 160 22 / 34 44
C. Decrease in volume, energy, etc.	81 103 143 205 212 1 13
D. Restriction	104 29 65 91 96 130 144 164 176 182
E. Blossoming	184 92 150 105 203 216 3 14 40 68 77 / 83
F. Hill resort and health center of S central Ceylon (2 wds.)	99 27 31 42 109 157 141 135 172 180 185
G. Keen, hunkydory	159 174 133 153 2 85
H. Yoruba leader, author of "Path to Nigerian Freedom"	89 116 138 41 56 197 204
I. London art gallery	208 215 5 9
J. Pronto (2 wds.)	33 93 107 156 194 52 151 163
K. Having a decorative element worked or woven in	178 16 36 43 60 97 125 6 61
L. Surpassed, defeated	66 17 23 38 129 198 64 90 55 75 101
M. Sudden, sharp pain	112 167 189 45 8 20
N. Stop the progress or course of	26 87 95 110 127 161 187 175 196
O. "If [our souls] be two, they are two so / As ___ are two." (2 wds. followed by WORD X; Donne, "A Valedictorian Forbidding Mourning")	82 146 209 171 213 70 53 106 114
P. Type of bargain, perhaps	139 168 10 119 19 32 54 111
Q. Out of the know (3 wds.)	117 124 154 71 76 21 49 98 132
R. Cohan said it was "only forty-five minutes from Broadway" (2 wds.)	142 149 214 50 80 186 62 108 24 177 128
S. With suspicion, mistrust, or disapproval	12 165 122 18 30 46 136
T. Toledo's river	190 86 57 28 47 148
U. Hindrance, prohibition	7 11 134 170 51 202 84
V. Tailed frog (2 wds.)	131 181 192 74 152 35 155 201 37 48
W. Inspiring with fear; cowing	113 118 158 195 67 15 73 78 59 39 207 / 25
X. See WORD O	179 145 140 183 126 94 169 211 199
Y. Completely surrounding; encompassing	115 166 102 123 191 4 79

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

		1 C	2 G	3 E	4 Y		5 I	6 K	7 U		8 M	9 I	10 P	11 U	12 S	13 C	14 E
	15 W	16 K	17 L	18 S	19 P	20 M	21 Q		22 B	23 L	24 R	25 W	26 N	27 F	28 T		29 D
30 S		31 F	32 P	33 J	34 B	35 V		36 K	37 V	38 L		39 W		40 E	41 H	42 F	43 K
44 B	45 M	46 S	47 T		48 V	49 Q	50 R	51 U	52 J	53 O		54 P	55 L	56 H		57 T	58 A
	59 W	60 K		61 K	62 R	63 A	64 L		65 D	66 L	67 W	68 E	69 A	70 O		71 Q	72 A
73 W		74 V	75 L	76 Q	77 E		78 W		79 Y	80 R	81 C	82 O	83 E	84 U	85 G	86 T	87 N
	88 B	89 H	90 L	91 D	92 E	93 J	94 X	95 N		96 D	97 K	98 Q	99 F	100 B	101 L		102 Y
103 C	104 D	105 E	106 O	107 J	108 R	109 F	110 N	111 P	112 M		113 W	114 O		115 Y		116 H	117 Q
118 W	119 P		120 A	121 B	122 S	123 Y	124 Q	125 K		126 X		127 N	128 R	129 L	130 D	131 V	132 Q
133 G	134 U	135 F	136 S		137 B	138 H	139 P	140 X	141 F	142 R	143 C		144 D	145 X		146 O	147 B
148 T		149 R	150 E	151 J	152 V	153 G	154 Q		155 V	156 J	157 F	158 W		159 G	160 B	161 N	162 A
163 J	164 D	165 S	166 Y		167 M	168 P	169 X		170 U		171 O	172 F	173 A	174 G		175 N	176 D
177 R	178 K	179 X	180 F		181 V	182 D		183 X	184 E	185 F	186 R	187 N	188 A	189 M	190 T	191 Y	
192 V	193 B	194 J		195 W	196 N		197 H	198 L	199 X		200 B	201 V		202 U	203 E	204 H	205 C
	206 B	207 W		208 I	209 O	210 B	211 X		212 C	213 O		214 R	215 I	216 E			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 1. of this issue.

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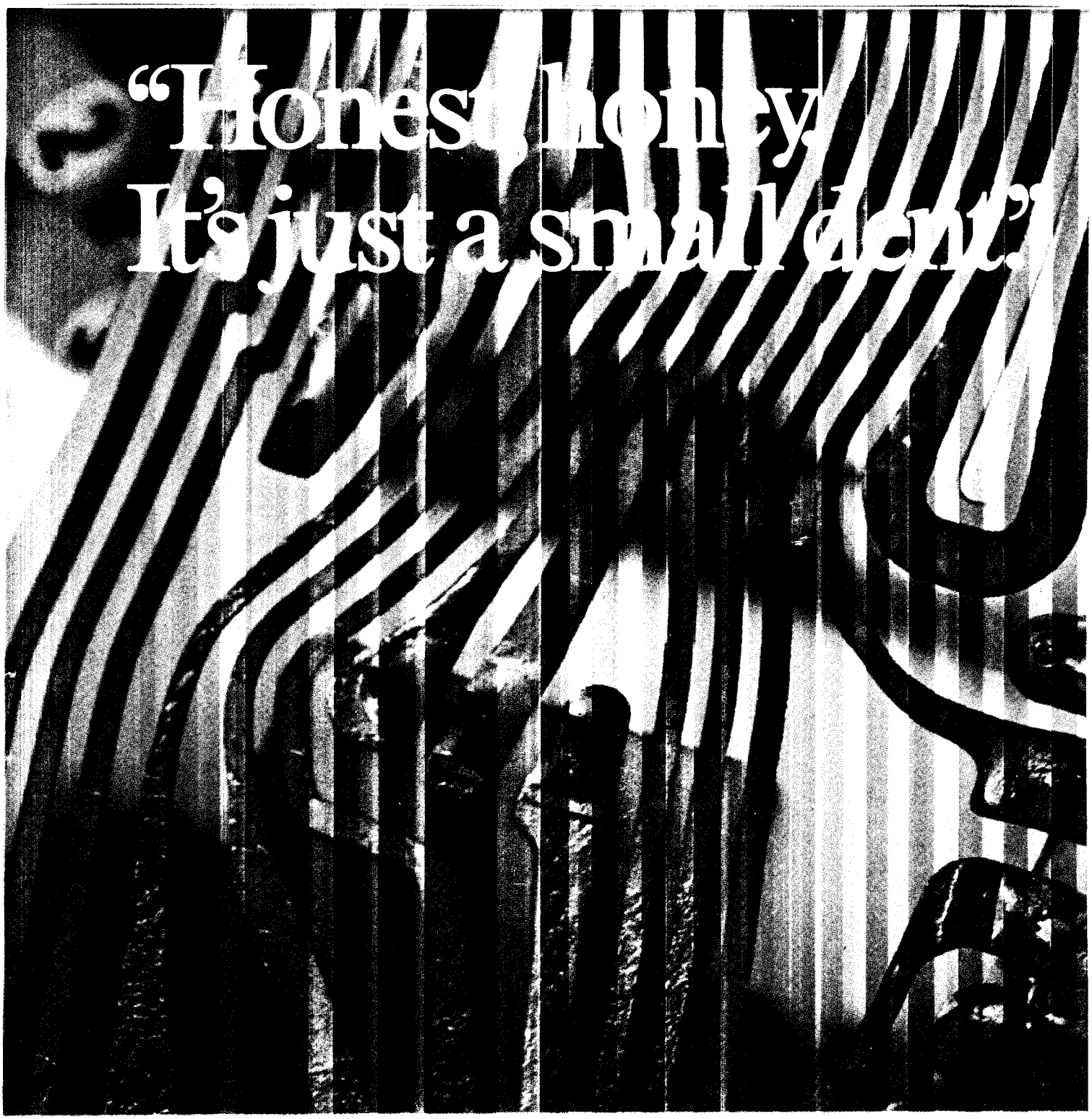

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